FORTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

VOL. XLI, Part 2 SPRING NUMBER, 1945 No. 274
Published 1st March

THE DICKENSIAN

CONTENTS

THE GAD'S HILL LIBRARY
Dame Una Pope-Hennessy

NOTES ON
A TALE OF TWO CITIES
T. W. Hill

CHESTERTON & DICKENS
Patrick Braybrooke

BLEAK HOUSE
ON THE AIR
Gwen Major

QUOTATIONS FOR THE TIMES
M. K. Bradby

NAMES AND LABELS
Kentley Bromhill

AND OTHER ARTICLES

ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY LESLIE C. STAPLES

PUBLISHED BY THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP AT
THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1
Temporary Address: 7 LYME TERRACE, LONDON, N.W.1

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE
Subscription rate: Members of The Dickens Fellowship Five Shillings,
Non-Members Six Shillings, per annum, post free.

WALTER T. SPENCER

(M. E. SPENCER)

27 New Oxford Street,

ESTABLISHED 1884. **London, W.C.1**

Cable and Telegraphic Address: "PHIZ, WESTCENT, LONDON."

Telephone: HOLBORN 1934

First Editions of the Works of Charles Dickens, including Presentation Copies; also Manuscripts, Autograph Letters for

Sale

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

LONDON MEETINGS

Arranged by Mrs. Jane Bacon.

On the first Saturday in each month at 2.30 p.m. at the Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

April 7—Leigh Hunt. T. W. Hill. Chairman: T. S. Lascelles.

May 5—"In Defence of the Novel." Frederick Sinclair, Borough Libarian, St. Pancras. Chairman: Councillor Mrs. Newcombe.

June 2—Talk by Miss Mabel Constanduros. Chairman: Leslie C. Staples.

July 7—Annual Conference of the Dickens Fellowship. Details to be announced in the June Number.

SPECIAL NOTICE . . .

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

All communications for The Dickens Fellowship and *The Dickensian* to be addressed to:

The Hon. Secretary, 7 Lyme Terrace, London, N.W.1.

The Bedford address is no longer in use.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

FOUNDED OCTOBER 6TH, 1902.

President, 1939-45:

COMPTON MACKENZIE, O.B.E., LL.D.

Vice-Presidents:

Rt. Hon. The Earl of Lytton, K.G., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.
Rt. Hon. Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, K.G., F.R.S.
Henry Charles Dickens, O.B.E.

Mrs. R. C. Shuckburgh (Miss Olive Dickens).	Sir Norman Birkett, K.C.	Sir C. Grant Robertson.
Mrs. A. Waley (Miss Elaine Dickens).	A. S. Comyns Carr, K.C.	M. H. Spielmann, F.S.A.
Miss Mary Angela Dickens.	Bernard Darwin, C.B.E.	Sir John C. Squire.
Dame Sybil Thorndike.	Robert Hichens.	Ralph Straus.
Maj-Gen. Ian Hay Beith, C.B.E., M.C.	James W. McFadden, K.C.	Count de Susannet.
	André Maurois, C.B.E.	H. G. Wells.
	Arthur Morrison.	Bransby Williams.
	J. B. Priestley.	

Hon. Secretary: LESLIE C. STAPLES.

Hon. Treasurer: T. W. HILL.

Hon. Editor of "The Dickensian": LESLIE C. STAPLES.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP IS OPEN TO ALL.

In London the Headquarters arranges an attractive programme of Lectures and Recitals during the winter months, and Pilgrimages to places connected with Dickens during the summer.

The subscription for Fellows attached to Headquarters is half a guinea per annum, including *The Dickensian* post free; for second and subsequent members of the same family living in the same house the Annual Subscription is seven shillings and sixpence, but does not include a copy of the magazine. Life Subscription: Five guineas.

Branches fix their own subscriptions.

Headquarters:

THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

NOTE.—War Emergency Addresses: See inside front cover.

DICKENS FELLOWSHIP ANNUAL CONFERENCE

will be held in London on

SATURDAY, JULY 7th, 1945.

Final details will appear in the June number. Branch Secretaries are asked to accept these the sole notices.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

LIST OF BRANCHES WITH HON. SECRETARIES.

HEADQUARTERS: 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Hon. Secretary: LESLIE C. STAPLES.

LONDON AND DISTRICT.

BALHAM (No. 93).—Miss JANE DAVIES, 10 Thirlmere Road, S.W.16.

LEYTON (No. 90).—A. BROWNING, Senr., 74 Warren Road, Leyton, E.10.

ST. PANCRAS (No. 76).—Mrs. NEWCOMBE, 44 Ampthill Square, Hampstead Road, N.W.1.

DICKENSIAN TABARD PLAYERS (No. 101).—J. J. FRENCH, 20 Trelawney House, Union Street, S.E.1.

UNITED KINGDOM.

BATH (No. 81).—Miss D. GREEN, 39 Belgrave Crescent.

BIRMINGHAM (No. 19).—Mrs. FOX-DAVIES, 48 Wood End Road, Erdington.

BLACKBURN (No. 107).—LEO. MASON, 124 Preston New Road.

BLACKPOOL (No. 92).—Mrs. S. SHAW, 65 Hove Road, St. Anne's-on-Sea.

BRIGHTON (No. 21).—S. HUMPHRYS, 20 Derek Avenue, Hove, 3.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (No. 124).—A. SINCOCK, 1 Dongola Avenue, Horfield, Bristol.

BROADSTAIRS (No. 130).—Capt M. C. ROBSON, Apple Tree Farm, Stelling Minnies, Canterbury.

BROMLEY (No. 98).—Mrs. BANNISTER, 9 Dainton Close, Upper Park Road.

CHELTENHAM (No. 63).—Miss C. DALLIMORE, "Wrendlebury," Kensington Avenue.

CIRENCESTER (No. 109).—E. S. PLOWRIGHT, 17 Cricklade Street.

EASTBOURNE (No. 75).—C. FINDLATER, 12 Ratton Road.

EDINBURGH (No. 3).—Miss K. H. JOHNSTON, 13 Queen's Bay Crescent, Joppa.

GLOUCESTER (No. 40).—F. C. GRIMES, "Ashington" 22 Merevale Road.

HATFIELD (No. 62).—Miss W. BUTTERFIELD, 7 Glebelands.

HULL (No. 34).—Mrs. MAUD W. CAWSON, 70 Prince's Avenue.

LANCASTER (No. 125).—Mrs. HARRISON, 45 Derwent Road.

LITTLEBOURNE (No. 122).—Miss A. E. DALLEY, The Street, Ickham, near Canterbury.

LIVERPOOL (No. 5).—Miss E. M. HARDING, 13 Buckingham Road, Liverpool, 13

MANCHESTER (No. 4).—Miss M. LEA AXON, 5 Depleach Road, Cheadle, Cheshire.

NOTTINGHAM (No. 9).—J. CAWTHORNE, 37 Devonshire Road.

PLYMOUTH (No. 46).—Miss VERA COCKS, 31 Mt. Gold Road, Lipson.

PORTSMOUTH (No 6).—WALTER E. PINE, 44 Campbell Road, Southsea.

PRESTON (No. 123).—Mrs. J. A. WOOD, 2 Beech Drive, Broughton.

REDDITCH (No. 56).—ALEX F. PAYNE, 164 Bromsgrove Road.

ROCHESTER (No. 13).—Miss A. BUTLER, 253 Maidstone Road.

RUGBY (No 111).—F. J. HUDSON, 247 Clifton Road.

SHEFFIELD (No. 23).—Miss ROSA GRAY, 63 Dodd Street, Hillsborough.

SHREWSBURY (No. 14).—Mrs. BENTLEY, Rose Villa, Percy Street, Greenfields.

SOUTHAMPTON (No. 26).—Mrs. A. G. HARRISON, 7 Westrow Gardens.

SOUTHEND AND DISTRICT (No. 54).—B. C. E. OSMAN, 31 Chapman's Walk, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

TEWKESBURY (No. 74).—GEO. ROBINSON, "The Nook," Friars Park.

WOODVILLE AND DISTRICT (No. 94).—W. SHEPHERD, Hartshorne Road, Woodville, Burton-on-Trent.

AUSTRALIA.

ADELAIDE (No. 127).—H. J. ALLISON, Harrow Road, Somerton, Glenelg.

BRISBANE (No. 83).—Mrs. M. H. JODRELL, 16 Miles Street, Wooloowin.

MELBOURNE (No. 24).—Miss McMERRIN, Box 1670—R, G.P.O.

SYDNEY (N.S.W.) (No. 64).—Miss FLORENCE E. TWEEDIE, 42 Bland Street, Ashfield.

NEW ZEALAND.

AUCKLAND (No. 99).—Miss FREDA ROBINSON, 5 Queen's Avenue, Mt. Eden, S.2.

CHRISTCHURCH (No. 117).—Miss G. K. JARMAN, 31 Totara Road, W.1.

WELLINGTON (No. 121.)—Miss L. MCKENZIE, 9 Brougham Street.

CANADA.

EDMONTON (Alberta) (No. 100).—J. HOLMES, 10032 102nd Street.

HAMILTON (Ont.) (No. 47).—F. G. MILLAR, 24 Stinson Street.

MONTREAL (Que.) (No. 53).—Mrs. M. R. EDWARDS, 4745 Queen Mary Road.

TORONTO (Ont.) (No. 32).—Mrs. E. L. SCHATZ, 443 Donlands Avenue.

VANCOUVER (B.C.) (No. 84).—A. M. COLBAN, 1670 Alberni Street.

VICTORIA (B.C.) (No. 113).—G. H. HENDERSON, 1940 Birch Street.

WINNIPEG (Manitoba) (No. 25).—W. CROSS, 137 Cordova Street.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BOSTON (Mass.) (No. 73).—Mrs. HARRY LEE BAGLEY, Hotel Commander, Cambridge, Mass.

CALIFORNIA PICKWICK CLUB (No. 131).—Mrs. EUNICE GRIFFITHS, 5418 7th Ave, Los Angeles.

CHESTER (Pa.) (No. 22).—Miss FLORENCE WILLIAMS, 920 Parker Street.

CHICAGO (Ill.) (No. 33).—Mrs. DAMARIS W. BRADFORD, 2130 N. Sedgwick Avenue.

EAST BAY, BERKELEY (Cal.) (No. 95).—Mrs. NAAS, Leamington Hotel, Oakland.

EVERETT (Wash.) (No. 82).—Mrs. L. B. HUNT, 1422 Rucker Avenue.

HONOLULU (Hawaii) (No. 116).—Miss CHARLOTTE HALL, 2447 Oahu Avenue.

HOLLYWOOD (Cal.) (No. 128).—Miss H. CALDWELL, 321 S. Van Ness Avenue, Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES (Cal.) (No. 89).—Miss ERNESTINE WILSON, 627 S Del Valle Drive.

MADISON (Wis.) (No. 103).—Mrs. MAX FISHER, 310 Breese Terrace.

MARINETTE (Wis.) (No. 108).—Mrs. A. C. POPE, 339 State Street.

MARION (Ohio) (No. 134).—Dr. ED. ELLSWORTH, HIPSHER, 249 Madison Avenue.

MARYVILLE (Missouri) (No. 133).—Mrs. A. F. HARVEY, 722 North Fillmore St., Maryville, Mo., U.S.A.

NEW YORK CITY (N.Y.) (No. 29).—Miss LORETTA A. O'BRIEN, 430 West 24th Street.

PALOS VERDES (Cal.) (No. 129).—Mrs. ELLEN S. KARLER, 1237 East First S., Long Beach, 3.

PASADENA (Cal.) (No. 87).—Mrs. WM. A. COCHRANE, 1185 Banyan Street.

PHILADELPHIA (Pa.) (No. 41).—Mrs. S. WOODS, 2522 So. 69th Street.

PITTSBURGH (Pa.) (No. 97).—Mrs. F. W. FAIRMAN, 1167 King Avenue.

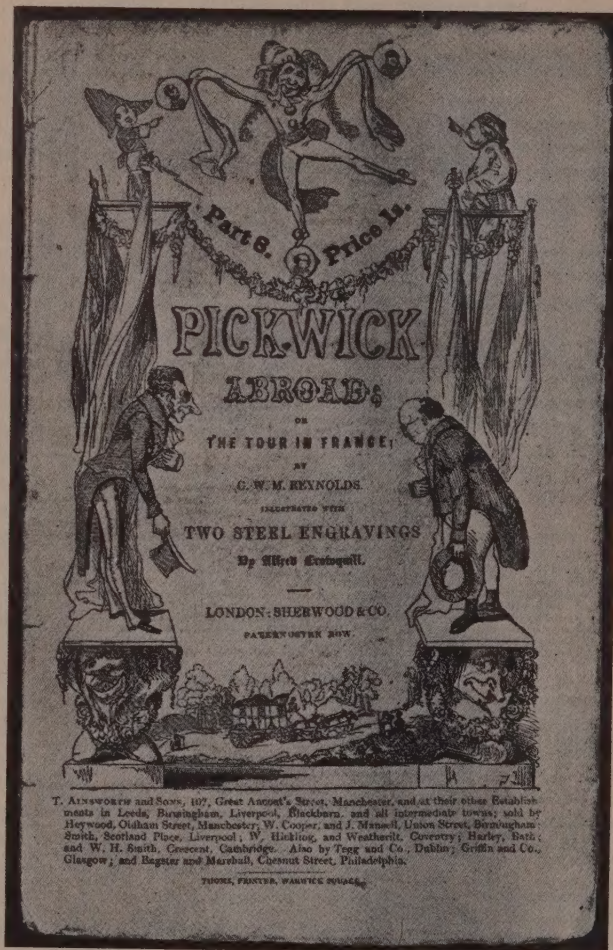
SEATTLE (Wash.) (No. 126).—Miss ISABEL F. MOUNT, 317 Harvard Avenue, N.

SIERRA MADRE (Cal.) (No. 60).—Mrs. TARR 274 W. Montecito Avenue.

WORCESTER (Mass.) (No. 119).—EDWIN T. MARBLE, 2nd 26 Longfellow Road.

Full particulars of the Fellowship and forms of Membership can be obtained from any of the Secretaries

HULL AND LONDON: PRINTED BY A. BROWN AND SONS, LIMITED


Part 6. Price 1s.
PICKWICK
ABROAD;
OR
THE TOUR IN FRANCE:
BY
G. W. M. REYNOLDS.
ILLUSTRATED WITH
TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS
By Alfred Crowquill.
LONDON: SHERWOOD & CO.
PATERNOSTER ROW.
T. Ainsworth and Sons, 107, Great Ancoat's Street, Manchester, and at their other Establishments in Leeds, Birmingham, Liverpool, Blackburn, and all intermediate towns; sold by Heywood, Oldham Street, Manchester; W. Cooper, and J. Mansell, Union Street, Birmingham; Smith, Scotland Place, Liverpool; W. Hutchins, and Weatherill, Coventry; Harley, Bath; and W. H. Smith, Crescent, Cambridge. Also by Tegg and Co., Dublin; Griffin and Co., Glasgow; and Baxter and Marshall, Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.
THOMS, PRINTER, WARWICK SQUARE.

The Wrapper Design of

G. W. M. Reynolds's *Pickwick Abroad*

See page 75

THE DICKENSIAN

Vol. XLI 1st MARCH, 1945 No. 274

WHEN FOUND—

The Birthday. The 133rd anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens was celebrated in London by a Luncheon on February 10th. In the absence, through sudden indisposition, of the President, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Henry Chas. Dickens presided. Again there was an excellent attendance, and among the guests were Miss Mabel Constanduros and Mr. Howard Agg, who were responsible for the recent brilliant broadcast version of *Bleak House*, members of the Dickens family, and a very representative gathering of members and friends. Mr. Percy Merriman's brilliant impersonations of characters from Dickens delighted us yet once again. Mr. T. W. Hill proposed the toast of *The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens*, and Miss Monica Dickens replied to the toast of *The Visitors* in a charming speech. Greetings were received from branches all over the world where similar gatherings were in progress, each one of which received a message from London. A full account will appear in the next number.

* * * * *

Christmas. Our desk was piled high with news-cuttings at yuletide. If this was so in these days of paper shortage we trembled for the unrationed days that are to come. Christmas and Dickens, Dickens and Christmas were presented to us in endless variety. We were assured that it was impossible to escape Dickens in New York, where the shop windows displayed *Christmas Carol* tableaux, the counters inside groaned with gifts, and the pockets of the customers bulged with money. Well, the journalist will not be denied the opportunity to indulge in these customary stories, but it was hopeless to tell his readers that these things happened in London on this occasion. This time Scrooge would certainly not have been able to buy a large or any other kind of turkey for the Cratchit family at the last moment. Nevertheless the spirit was in evidence everywhere; there was no mistaking it. If Scrooge had been reformed on *this* Christmas he would have spent the morning telling harassed housewives which shops boasted small supples of which coveted delicacies. But there was no lack of seasonable fare "on the air." The children had their version of *A Christmas Carol* on Christmas Eve, and *The Chimes*, just one hundred years old, was heard in an excellent adaptation on another night. A difficult job this. But the story came through clearly and well. Fine peals of bells were introduced with telling effect. Meanwhile, *Bleak House* was to be heard each Sunday in a radio adaptation that has created the most widespread interest and which is noticed more fully on another page.

* * * * *

Varia. Were space available, endless would be the curious comments which might be culled from the press. One low-churchman thought that Dickens came perilously near secularising Christmas, while a high-churchman considered that he rescued it from the rising tide of materialism that was already mounting. Another pressman informed us that elements of "The Left" wanted the *Carol* rewritten; as it is, "it is nothing more than a device to bamboozle the proletariat into being contented with its lot; Bob Cratchit, poor fool, is given smoking bishop, so that he can sweat the

better at his labour. It is Cratchit, not Scrooge, who is in need of conversion." Thus while Dickens is praised or blamed, he cannot be ignored. But after these extravagances, how pleasant to read that Mr. G. A. Scaife, Master of York Minster Song School, publicly read the *Carol* for the forty-second consecutive Christmas with immense effect. As we go to press, news comes from a personal friend, Sq.-Ldr. Philip George, R.A.F., in the famous Luft III Camp at Sagan, that he and his colleagues enjoyed a reading of *A Christmas Carol* on Christmas Day. * * * * *

Bumble in eclipse. Mr. Ashley Rowe, writing of Truro History in "The Briton," finds little mention of Christmas in the eighteen-thirties, but on Christmas Day, 1844, a year after the appearance of the *Carol*, the poor in Truro Union-house were regaled with roast beef, plum pudding and a pint of beer for each person, the whole of the expenses being defrayed by subscription from the Board of Guardians. Coincidence? Maybe. But it is strange that the change should come in that particular year.

* * * * *

Jaggers. The tragic death of Sir George Lewis, the eminent solicitor who recently was killed in an aeroplane with Admiral Ramsey, recalls Sir Edward Clarke's statement that his father, Jas. G. Lewis, was the original of Jaggers, whose office at 10 Ely Place, Holborn, would exactly fit the position of that of Jaggers as described in *Great Expectations*. It is amusing to read that Sir George was known as "Young Jaggers" when at school.

* * * * *

Sir Buckston Browne. By the passing of Sir Buckston Browne, F.S.A., F.R.C.S., the Fellowship loses another of its valued Vice-Presidents. He was a good friend to the Dickens House, and it will be remembered that he was the donor of "Dotheboys Breaks up for Ever," a fine painting by Edgar Bundy, and later of a series of proof plates of Cruikshank's illustrations to *Sketches by Boz*. His last contact with the Fellowship was in the summer of 1939, when he conducted a party of us over Down House, Darwin's old home which he had purchased, endowed and presented to the British Association in trust for the nation.

* * * * *

The boys "out there" and "over here." Will anyone be surprised if we confess to considerable pride when a letter was shown us, coming from Leading Wtr. D. J. Nesbitt, from somewhere "East of Suez," in which he says: "When I was last ashore in a rather out of the way place, I was pleased to find a canteen where a book could be read in peace with a nice cup o' tea. The first magazine I picked up was *The Dickensian*—honour bright! It was a very old copy, but it was —— good reading." The Preston Branch write that they have made a very happy contact in Sergeant Brockett, of the U.S. Army, who has been able to attend their meetings. His mother is a member of the Madison (Wisconsin) Branch. Then among our mail one day last month was a postcard from Sergeant Stanley N. Kent Paine, asking how he might join The Dickens Fellowship. It was addressed from Stalag 344, Germany. We hope our letters will help to relieve the monotony of his vigil. To all these boys our kindest greetings go forth. * * * * *

That Trial again. In our last number we noted that Lord Justice MacKinnon had referred, in a judgement, to the Fleet prisoner who had permission from his gaoler to go beyond the precints of the prison. His Lordship has since written an erudite

article in the "Law Quarterly Review" for October last entitled "Could Phunky have demurred?" It contains many criticisms, not of the essential truth of Dickens's narrative or of his choice of Mr. Pickwick's legal representatives, but of their appalling mismanagement of the case. Perker's lack of judgement in the selection of his counsel; the briefing of so unsuitable a leader as Serjeant Snubbin; the incompetence of Mr. Phunky, who was no match for Buzfuz; his inefficiency when opposed to such sharp practitioners as Dodson and Fogg; all these points were dealt with most learnedly, and gave rise to some editorial comments in the "Law Journal" of November 25th, 1944. Apart from the actual legal aspects of this historic trial, its principal contribution to knowledge is that "Mr. Justice Stareleigh's ruling out of 'what the soldier said' has perhaps done more than anything else to give the layman an idea as to what is hearsay evidence."

* * * * *

On the screen. After an interval of some years we are to have another Dickens revival in the cinema. Several prominent studios plan ambitious screen versions of the novels. First on the list is the Ealing Studio, with the first technicolour Dickens, *Nicholas Nickleby*. We have been in touch with the producers and were gratified to note the keen desire to translate the novel to the screen as faithfully as possible. A most distinguished company will be assembled. Sir Alexander Korda is credited with the intention of filming *Pickwick* in this country this year and Mr. Paul Soskin has stated that he has *Bleak House* on the stocks.

* * * * *

Brave New World. It is inevitable, we suppose, that in the new world we are promised, much that we valued in the old will necessarily be sacrificed, but we are not going to pretend that we shall appreciate the loss. It was with something like alarm that we heard of the threatened disappearance, in the interests of town-planning, of the unique and delightful village of North End, Hampstead. Of the charm of this country village within the metropolis, this is possibly not the place to write, but it contains the picturesque Wylde's Farm, at which Dickens sought solitude when the publication of *Pickwick* was interrupted by his grief at the death of Mary Hogarth. To lose this would be a calamity to us, and we extend our fervent good wishes to the North End Preservation Society which has been set up to combat the plan. * * * * *

Preservation at Rochester. Towards the end of the year it was announced that four houses on Boley Hill, Rochester, have been acquired by the Diocese for use as a Diocesan Centre. One of them is Satis House, and it is good to know that the house will thus be preserved. It was the home of Richard Watts, the founder of Watts's Charity. Here it was that he entertained Queen Elizabeth, whose reply "Satis" (It is enough) to his apologies for the shortcomings of the hospitality he had offered her, gave the name to the house. It is not, of course, to be confused with Restoration House, which Dickens described as Miss Havisham's abode, and renamed Satis House.

* * * * *

Well! Well! "Punch" reports that an American paper last month recorded the sale of the original Dickens manuscript of *Our Neutral Friend*! * * * * *

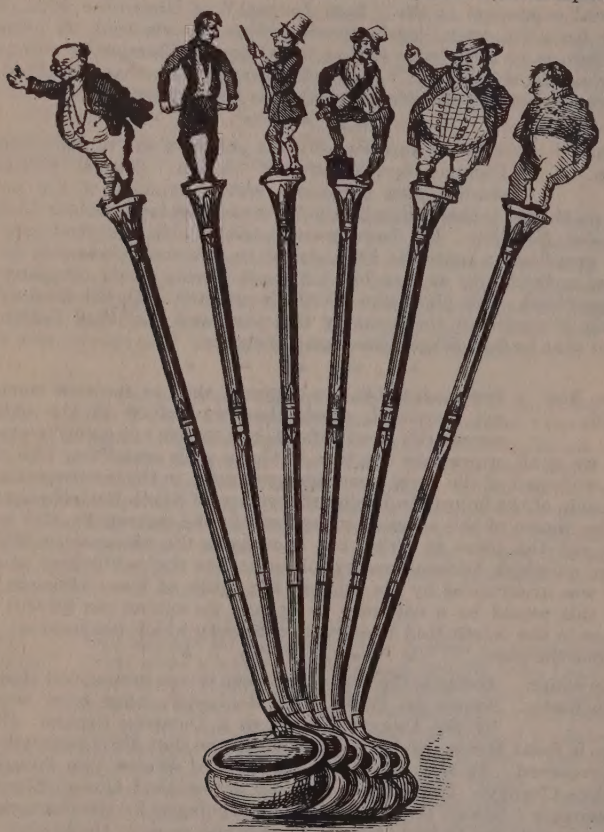
Vox Populi. It is understood that we shall have another broadcast Dickens novel if the public demand it. Branch Secretaries and Branch members everywhere—please write to Broadcasting House.

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

THE GAD'S HILL LIBRARY

BY DAME UNA POPE-HENNESSY, D.B.E.

CHARLES DICKENS in his will devised all his printed books and engravings to his eldest son, Charley, to whom he also left his share in *All the Year Round*. Charley, in spite of his inherited editorial mantle and his supposedly literary tastes, did not, however, choose to keep the books, but sold them *en bloc* to Sotheran. Sotheran listed them in a printed and priced catalogue and disposed of them separately.



The Pickwick Punch Ladles
Design by George Cruikshank
By courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum

Viewed commercially there was nothing exceptional about the editions or the bindings, but, since a collection of books always reveals its owner's character, it has in Dickens's case a particular interest and significance. Not only did the library contain his own authentic works, but also books dealing with the subjects to which he had given most attention during his lifetime—such as the Theatre, Pauperism, Sanitation, Mesmerism and Polar Exploration.

From the Dickensian angle the notable items in the library were the unique volumes used by the author at his public readings. These were privately printed copies of *A Christmas Carol, The Cricket on the Hearth, Nicholas Nickleby at his Yorkshire School, The Barbox Brothers* (with two accompanying Sketches, *The Boy at Mugby* and *The Signalman*), *Mrs. Gamp, Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, and *Dr. Marigold*. The pages of these little volumes were scarred with additions, excisions and interlinear markings in red and blue ink. They were priced at from £10 to £20 each by Sotheran, and it is to be presumed were bought by Americans as they turned up in New York at an exhibition held by the Grolier Club in 1913. A uniform set of the Dickens Novels bound in half-morocco figured in the catalogue, and so did " reserved " copies of the various smaller editions. Translations into French, German, Dutch, Polish and Russian were also listed.

In turning over the pages of the catalogue we find a few unexpected works such as the " Récits d'un Chasseur " by Tourguenieff, inscribed " Charles Dickens from one of his greatest admirers. Paris 1862," and the " Parnaso Italiano," annotated by Leigh Hunt. It seems probable that Flaxman's " Compositions from Hell, Purgatory and Paradise " (plates illustrating " The Divine Comedy ") must also at one time have belonged to Leigh Hunt. Among the few older books we discover the two quarto volumes of Strutt's " Antiquities " that are so humourously made use of by Maclise in his circular picture of the four Dickens children. Little Katey is turning over the pages of one volume, while Charley is using the second as a stand for the miniature decanter and glasses from which the toast to their parents is being drunk.

One of the illustrations in Sotheran's catalogue purports to be a photograph of replicas of the *Pickwick* punch ladles presented to Dickens by his publishers, Chapman and Hall. They are, however, different in shape and proportions from those originally designed by Cruikshank. The little effigies that form the handles are clumsily modelled, include a female figure, and exclude Winkle and Jingle. Whereas the Cruikshank handles consist of well-modelled figures of Pickwick, the two Wellers, Jingle, Winkle and the Fat Boy. While their stems are straight, those depicted in the catalogue are twisted and fluted: the bowls too differ in size and elegance. All of which goes to prove the existence of a second set of ladles. The original Cruikshank set was broken up at the auction at Christie's (held four weeks after Charles Dickens's death), when they were sold singly and passed into the keeping of different owners, which necessitated their case being put up as a separate lot. Three of the ladles were bought by Charley Dickens, but three went out of the family to dealers. Where are these ladles now ? and where is the second set ?

Though digressions may be, as Sterne always avowed they were, the soul of writing, we must not linger with the ladles, but get back to the library at Gad's Hill and see what other books stood on its shelves. Dickens possessed Urquhart's translation of Rabelais, North's Plutarch, the Novelists' Library edited by Sir Walter Scott, the works of Smollet, Fielding, Dryden and a much-made-use-of " Tristram Shandy." For historical reading he had Rollin's " Ancient History," the Harleian Miscellany, Evelyn's " Diary," a set of Pepys with notes made by himself at the beginning of each volume, " for quotation if need be," Aubrey's " Miscellanies," Hume and Smollett's " History of England," and Agnes Strickland's " Lives of the Queens of England." For works of reference he had the " Cabinet Cyclopaedias " of Lardner and Knight, and the " Encyclopaedias Americana " and " Britannica."

Eager interest in matters supra-normal is reflected in a translation of Jung-Stilling's " Pneumatology " and in " The History of Magic " by Ennemoser, a book rendered into English by William Hewitt. In

Another set of Pickwick Ladles

See page 61

By the courtesy of Messrs. Henry Sotheran, Ltd., Sackville Street, London

the appendix to this work articles by Mary Hewitt on Dreams, Table-turning, Table-rapping and Somnambulism are included. Dickens, being himself a great dreamer, was all his life interested in dreams and their interpretation, and at one time and another spent many evenings in eliciting raps and in table-turning. His clergyman friend, Chauncey Hare Townshend, who was one of the first Englishmen to study Animal Magnetism abroad, presented him with a copy of his book, "Mesmerism," and next to it on a shelf stood another friend's book, "Human Physiology," in which Dr. Elliotson described surgical operations carried out on patients in a state of hypnotic trance. Public attention had been very generally attracted to this subject in 1837, when an Exhibition billed as Animal Magnetism was held in Orchard Street. Audiences packed the little theatre where experiments in mesmerism were carried on. This shocked Miss Berry profoundly; she condemned it in her "Diary" (III, 485) as "the disgraceful fooleries of animal magnetism frequented by all the fine ladies of London," and we may add by not a few distinguished men, of whom the author of *Pickwick* was one.

Before producing "The Frozen Deep" at Tavistock House and impersonating Richard Wardour, Dickens steeped himself in books dealing with Polar Exploration, especially in those bearing on the Franklin Expedition and the northern journeys of Parry. He owned his kinsman Sir John Barrow's well-known volumes on Arctic discovery and research, and also a set of Hakluyt's Voyages.

Beside the books, there were bound volumes of pamphlets on housing and sanitary matters such as the malaria epidemic in Pimlico, sewers, London milk, a pure water supply, and the siting of graveyards, as well as on pauperism, slavery, and factory legislation. Dickens naturally owned the much-admired "Speeches" of Lord Ashley and the political tracts of Hone and Cobbett, but not, it would seem, "The Mirror of Parliament" on which he himself had so diligently worked.

American authors were represented by forty volumes of Fenimore Cooper and a complete set of Washington Irving. Travels in America by the works of Mrs. Trollope, Miss Martineau and Captain Marryat. From his second trip to the United States Dickens brought back "The Pictorial History of the Civil War in America" by Lossing (a gift from Geo. W. Childs of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger") and also "The Photographic Sketch Book of the War" by Gardiner, a volume that he went through carefully with Queen Victoria shortly before his death.

It is a little disappointing to find so few books inscribed by their authors, but possibly some of these were abstracted before the sale took place. We may note among the presentation copies the "Poetical Works" of Leigh Hunt, and "Religion of the Heart" "from his obliged and affectionate friend the Author." Charles Kent and Charles Knight inscribed their books to him. The "Mill on the Floss" and "Adam Bede" were given him by George Eliot; Talfourd's plays, "Ion" and "The Athenian Captive," by their author, as were the two volumes by Layard on Nineveh, and the biographical studies of John Forster.

All Thackeray, all Disraeli, all Bulwer-Lytton, all Lever, all Edgeworth are listed, but oddly enough only one Harrison Ainsworth—"John Law, The Projector." Intimate friends once, Ainsworth and Dickens had drawn apart as they grew older, and though "Boz" must have been given the early novels they were not, it seems, in his library at the time of his death. All Hazlitt, all Macaulay, all de Quincey, all Defoe are there, and a special extra copy (given by Thackeray) of the "great story that never made anyone laugh or cry"—"Robinson Crusoe." One likes to think that the six volumes of the "Arabian Nights" (1811) and the "Don Quixote" (1820) and the

set of Henry Fielding (1806) were books that once had belonged to Dickens's father at Chatham, and by some lucky chance had not been carried to the pawnbroker's counter.

This is but an incomplete summary of the contents of the Gad's Hill Library, which also housed many English classics, such as the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth and Scott. In 1837 George Lewes had visited "Boz" in his first home in Doughty Street, and had been both surprised and disappointed to find that there were no worn volumes, or what he called "pick-ups," on his shelves. A few new sets of books and magazines were all he could see as he waited to interview the newly successful author of *Pickwick*. Three years later Lewes called at Devonshire Terrace, where he found a study with better-stocked shelves but a host who received him with a far less spontaneous and unpretentious welcome than of old, for in the interval Charles Dickens had become world famous.

In the ensuing thirty years many volumes were added to those inspected by George Lewes, and by 1870 the Gad's Hill Library, though still deficient in "pick-ups," was fully representative of its owner's interests as well as of his generation of authors.

THE DEXTER MEMORIAL FUND

BELOW appears the second subscription list. With the war in its concluding stages on this side of the world, we look forward to the reopening of the Dickens House. A great deal will need to be done before that happy day arrives but it is not doubted that it will give considerable stimulus to this memorial of Walter Dexter, who devoted himself to its cause for so many years, and provide a sorely-needed Endowment Fund for our National Memorial to Charles Dickens. In present circumstances it is difficult to organise functions in aid of the Fund, but there will be no lack of them when the war is over. Meanwhile, members of the Fellowship and readers of *The Dickensian* the world over, who have reason to remember the name of Walter Dexter with gratitude (and which of them has not ?) are invited to send their contributions to the Editor.

Two Shillings and Sixpence.—Mrs. G. I. Harris.
Three Shillings and Sixpence.—Mr. Eric G. Peters.
Five Shillings.—Mrs. E. V. Harris, Miss Adeline Parker, Miss V. M. Rowe, Miss W. L. Thoburn.
Nine Shillings and Sixpence.—Mrs. N. Cruttenden, Miss M. Elsie Jones.
Ten Shillings.—Mrs. B. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shaw, Mr. Ronald W. Webb.
Half a Guinea.—Miss S. Biden (2nd donation), Miss G. L. Lineker.
One Pound.—Mrs. Andrews, Edmonton (Alberta) Branch, Mrs. Curwood, Mrs. Eunice Griffiths, Mr. and Mrs. Glanvill Mason, Victoria Branch, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wisdom.
One Guinea.—Dickensian Tabard Players, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, Mrs. J. Lee, Mrs. Gwen Major, Mr. S. Lawrence, Miss M. G. Wenyon.
One Pound Ten Shillings.—Mr. T. S. Lascelles.
Two Pounds.—Rugby Branch, Miss Hope Wickes, Miss C. H. Wyman.
Two Pounds Five Shillings.—Vancouver Branch.
Two Guineas.—Mr. L. G. Partrick, Wellington Branch, Mr. Geo. F. Young.
Three Pounds.—St. Pancras Branch (second donation).
Five Pounds.—Rochester Branch.
Five Guineas.—Mr. W. J. Goddard.
Ten Pounds.—Prof. W. Erlam Smith.
Ten Guineas.—Southend Branch.
Ten Pounds Fifteen Shillings.—Liverpool Branch.
Twenty-five Guineas.—Oxford University Press per Mr. Leslie C. Staples.

TOTAL TO DATE £302 10s. 10d.

BLEAK HOUSE ON THE AIR

By GWEN MAJOR

BLEAK HOUSE to-night ! Many people must have said this on recent winter evenings in pleasurable anticipation of the broadcast play and many must have realised again how much Dickens's generation looked forward to his Readings and their dramatic rendering. Again, many must have realised that Dickens the Dramatist has at last come into his own. Without help of stage or screen, by the spell of the genuine storyteller, the master of words, he awakens the dramatic sense in one's imagination.

How else can one account for the ever rising quality and increase in the broadcast versions of Dickens's novels ?

First, they appeal to the finished actor, the perfect speaker. Who was not charmed by the readings of Clinton Baddeley ? But how was he first charmed ? What quality did he see in the Books for the expression of his art ?

Their appeal has yielded Monologues, Selections and recently whole books of One Act Plays, each keeping more and more closely to the original.

Finally, we have a dramatised version in Thirteen Parts of one of the Books, *Bleak House*, not the most popular, yet so well produced as to please the most critical—all done with no more than voices and careful selection.

Who can now deny the dramatic sense of the novelist who nearly became an actor instead and who for his private entertainment became an outstanding actor-manager ? Where is the Dickensian who will deny the value of such adaptations or will not ponder on the pleasure it would have given Dickens to hear his stories " over the air " ? Of all listeners he would have been the first to understand the artistry. For this is the word which fittingly describes this production of *Bleak House* both in selection and execution.

There are several interesting angles from which we Dickensians may consider such a broadcast. First, the adaptation, second the actors, third the effect and fourth the influence on potential readers. Let us take them in that order and differing in degree as thinking students must, see if broadly we do not come out on the same high road.

The Adaptation. This is cleverly made up of Esther Summerson's Narrative and the conversations, the first taking the place of a commentator, and it is surprising how well these suffice to tell the story in view of the frequent opinion that the story is spoilt by being in part her Narrative and in the first person, partly in the third, instead of being all one or the other. I still think, however, a commentator would have improved matters. For instance, when Sir Leicester lay helpless, his Lady a fugitive, the drama was heightened by Mrs. Rouncewell and Bucket reading his anxious wishes in his eyes and was missed when in the play he spoke himself. A commentator could have saved it merely by reading actual words of the text before these two actors played their parts. And one cannot help regretting the " flash-back " method usual to the B.B.C. in this case. The unfolding of the story as it develops suits it best.

Otherwise, Mabel Constanduros and Howard Agg should be thanked and praised for their work ; they faithfully and clearly tell a difficult story, almost throughout using Dickens's exact words, a great pleasure to the Dickens lover.

The Actors. The casting was brilliant. Great attention had been paid to the selection of voices which conveyed the right age and peculiarities of each character, to correct emphasis and fine shades,

and one feels the artistes capable of adjusting their parts to the few criticisms one could make.

The words Angela Baddeley used were Esther's but with her art how charming, how fresh, spontaneous and altogether artless they sounded ! Gone entirely was the pedantry or smugness the written word had conveyed to many of us. For the first time I really loved Esther !

James Dale made a good John Jarndyce, hearty, tender, his voice exactly right. As for Skimpole (Esme Percy), detestable and difficult yet airily expressing delightful sentiments which beguiled John Jarndyce, nothing could have been more apt than this voice, distinctive from all the rest, cultured and curiously pedantic.

Ada, Richard and Alan Woodcourt were also well done, youthful, serious, faithful or petulant, just as one had imagined in all respects. Ada's and Esther's laughter was something very pleasant to hear.

I must say that while I thought the acting, that is, the right stress and sentiment were given by Bucket, Mrs. Rouncewell, Jo and Charlie, these voices were all too cultured. Here I would make a point.

Generally speaking, actors of Dickens's characters have tended to stress the " common " quality in some, to over act, and thus have failed to convince, with the unfortunate result of adding to the superficial but often held idea that Dickens only dealt with " common " people and could not depict a gentleman. One of the pleasures of the broadcast under review was the cultured tone of the actors, if one may say so, greatly enhancing the true virtue of the work.

But the accents of the so-called " lower orders " can be achieved, doubtless with difficulty but still without being sickeningly " common " and a very little more would have accomplished it in this performance. Mr. George managed it ; Mr. Smallweed was a masterpiece, and the clear enunciation and before-mentioned correct emphasis distinguishing every actor of the lesser as of other parts, suggests that had a little more care been taken, it would have made the whole perfect.

I thought Leo Sheffield made an excellent Sir Leicester, the dignity and age he managed to convey entirely satisfactory and while the same could be said of Mr. Tulkinghorn, his performance would have been even more impressive if he had been a shade slower, more ponderous and suave, more " buttoned-up." There was no mistaking Lady Dedlock ; a haughty woman is not difficult for an actress to portray, but I do not think I fancied that more than this was conveyed ; that subtle something which created a deep feeling of pity for her as one reads the book.

Hortense, of course helped by the accent, was lively and good but one felt Miss Flite might have been a little more bird-like, a touch more frail and inconsequential. In fact one imagines her rapidly changing from a mincing accent to a sad mouse ; a difficult part and if Mabel Constanduros cannot achieve it I do not know who could. We are perhaps become too critical. Of course every Dickensian will have a slightly varying idea of every Dickens character.

Let us say again, the whole was a grand performance, a most lovable Company.

The Effect. Does the student of Dickens feel that this broadcast play has added to his idea of the Book—if he be a lover of it, increased his affection, if not, converted him ? Does he who knows not his Dickens, feel an interest awakened which he would like to pursue ?

To take the first, I should say definitely " Yes." For instance, it eliminates Esther's prudery, not by omissions or evasions but by using her very words. Certain overlooked remarks are noticed for the first time, others by right emphasis have a new meaning.

The listener is perforce robbed of the effect which descriptive parts add to the book—and herein lies the necessity and argument for the

commentator. The atmosphere of fog is absent, the rain at Chesney Wold, the topography so dear to Londoners. Take, for instance, the eating-house where Guppy entertains his confederates, that night of Krook's combustion, with the darkening room and mounting "something," all the attendant hardships of Lady Dedlock's flight—essential if one wants the whole story.

The stage could produce some of this, the film even better so. But I suggest that to the Dickensian who knows the work and with the inspired help of the commentator—and I say "inspired" of set purpose for he must keep scrupulously to the text and yet choose tellingly and briefly from a wealth of matter—with this help the Dickens student can derive the acme of enjoyment from this medium. The greatest proof lies in the records we have of the effect of Dickens's Readings, the nearest approximation to this form of production.

I exclude the critic who has genuinely studied the works, and for a reason such as that one likes sugar and another does not, really does not find any appeal in them, though even he may be charmed against his will.

And when all this is said, what does it amount to? In fine, that the properly spoken word has an enormous attraction, that one cannot "improve" on Dickens's own words, that the more nearly one uses his text the more telling the result, only to be limited by the time allowed. In the half-hour given to each of the Thirteen Episodes, only Dickens's words *were* used, with outstanding result, and the slight readjustment we suggest is the measure of the heights it reached.

And what of him who thus for the first time hears the Master's stories?

I have seen some of the effect: great anxiety for the innocent sufferer, as in the case recently of poor old Toby Veck; little bursts of indignation, laughter or applause and, most significant afterwards —"have we got the book here?" Can any Dickensian deny that where a book is well produced in the manner we have been discussing the novice is as likely to be enthralled as he himself? Why not? We are of the same stuff but we happen to have "discovered" Dickens first.

It is our aim to widen the circle of Dickens readers, who in turn will stimulate us, bring new ideas, new views and broaden our activities. No more certain way could be found than through wireless, covering such a huge field, going to such remote places. Perhaps in those remote places may be found the richest harvest. Therefore I feel that the gifted Company and their clever producers who gave us such a delightful rendering of *Bleak House* brought home to us the possibilities and value such a broadcast affords our Fellowship.

Without effort, by his own fireside, sometimes "out of the blue" and all unexpected, without having to book or pay for a seat or turn out on a chilly night, the Dickens lover may relive his loves and find their charms more dear, while the non-Dickensian reader may have a first taste and a surprise, may be introduced to a hidden world, a world where good and bad may be too clearly defined for this subtle age, but he will hardly notice it for the hearty laughs, the gripping of his heart, the—commentator permitting—delightful word painting. He may sigh with regret when the Announcer winds up, but he may put his hand up to his bookshelves and enter into our Dickens Kingdom. All the books await his first reading; ahead lie paths of exciting research, around him all the controversy we have loved—all for him to sweep away and start again.

So I say again to Mabel Constanduros and Howard Agg, and to their talented Company, thank you for your art which has blessed us—every one.

NOTES ON *A TALE OF TWO CITIES*

By T. W. HILL

INTRODUCTION

A Tale of Two Cities is an historical novel. It is not a history, no historical personage of major importance figures in its pages, The period is that of the French Revolution, and Dickens's aim is, to quote his own words in the preface "to add something to the . . . means of understanding that terrible time." With true artistic instinct he avoids all political developments and takes the historical climax of the Terror of 1793 for his own dramatic climax. He is said to have read Carlyle's book nine times and the background of the story shews to what an extent he had absorbed the details, and transmuted the precious metal of Carlyle's carefully collated facts into the no less precious metal of his own fiction.

The story "had complete possession" of the novelist during its writing, to the almost complete exclusion of the customary references to proverbs and popular sayings, fairy-lore, quotations, quaint conceits of the true Dickensian flavour, comic relief, and apt allusions; of all of which Dickens's work is usually so full.

The book also lacks some other characteristics to which Dickens's readers had become accustomed. There is no second or subsidiary plot—only the main theme; no sympathetic but amusing pictures of domestic life of the poorer classes—the principal actors are all upper middle class. and no character-study of childhood and youth, for Little Lucie and Young Jerry are mere shadows.

Arthur Waugh's erudite "Introducing *A Tale of Two Cities*" in *The Dickensian*, 1927, p. 13, is full of good things and will repay careful study.

CHRONOLOGY

Date	*Chief Episodes*	*Book and Chapter*	*Ages of Chief Characters*
1775.			
Nov.	Rescue of Manette.	I, i-vi.	Lorry, 59. Manette, 45 (born 1730, III, iv.). Defarge, about 28. Lucie, 17. Pross, probably 26.
1780.			
Mar.	Darnay's trial.	II, ii.	Darnay, 25. Lucie, 22. Manette, 50. Lorry, 64. Stryver, say 32. Carton, say 30 (at schoolStryner'sfag; fellow-student in Paris). Jerry, probably 37. Young Jerry, 12.
July.	Manette's household.	II, vi.	Pross, 31 (with Lucie 12 years).
1781.			
Mar.	Darnay's proposal for Lucie.	II, x.	Darnay, 26. Lucie, 23. Manette, 51. Carton, 31. Lorry, 65.

Date	*Chief Episodes*	*Book and Chapter*	*Ages of Chief Characters*
1781.			
Aug.	Carton's interview with Lucie.	II, xiii.	Lucie, 23. Carton, 31.
	Cly's "funeral."	II, xiv.	Barsad, 40 (see Ch. xvi).
1782 (?)	Lucie's marriage.	II, xvi.	Lucie, 24. Darnay, 27.
1783.	Little Lucie born July 14 (see 1789).	II, xxi.	
1785 (?)	Little boy born.		
1787 (?)	Little boy dies aged 2 (he could talk).		
1789.			
July 14	Fall of the Bastille. Beginning of Revolution.		Manette, 59. Darnay, 34. Lucie, 31. Little Lucie, 6. Carton, 39. Pross, 40. Lorry, 73. Barsad, 48.
1792.			
Aug.	Darnay recalled to France by Gabelle's letter of June 21st.	II, xxiv	Darnay, 37 Lucie, 34. Little Lucie, 9. Lorry, 76. Carton, 42.
1792.	Darnay in prison, Sept. 3rd.	III, i.	Darnay, 37. Manette, 62. Defarge, 45-50.
1793.	The Terror and Carmagnole.		
Oct. 5	Year One of the Republic.	III, iv.	
Dec.	Darnay brought to trial.	III, vi.	Darnay, 38. Lucie, 35. Little Lucie, 10. Manette, 63. Lorry, 77.
	Carton's sacrifice.	III, xv.	Carton, 43.

Dickens took the greatest trouble with the layout of the story, and the foregoing chronological table has been compiled from careful comparison of the various dates and ages mentioned in the narrative.

NOTES

BOOK I

Chapter I

1. This chapter, which is of an introductory character, rather like the prologue to a play, is dealt with in an illuminating article by J. H. Boas in *The Dickensian*, 1937, page 33.

2. KING WITH A LARGE JAW. Louis XVI, who had ascended the throne in 1774, was now twenty-one years of age; his queen was Marie Antoinette, whose age was twenty; they had been married for five years.

3. MRS. SOUTHCOTT. Joanna Southcott (1750-1814), a domestic servant who joined the Methodists, and in 1792 began to practise as a prophetess. When she died, of brain fever, and dropsy which she mistook for pregnancy (she had announced that she was about to bear a son who would be Shiloh, the Prince of Peace), she left behind her a sealed box of papers. This box

was opened a few years ago, but its contents proved to be of no particular interest.

4. COCK LANE GHOST. An imposture in Cock Lane, Smithfield, London, by a young woman, who pretended to rap out messages from another world. The fraud was exposed by a number of investigators in 1762. A full account is given in *The Dickensian*, 1939, page 10.

5. MESSAGES HAD LATELY COME. These were protests from the American Colonists, which led to the American War of Independence that broke out in this year. The battle of Bunker Hill was fought on June 17th, 1775.

6. THE WOODMAN AND THE FARMER. One of King Louis's hobbies was cabinet-making; he was also an expert locksmith. King George III of England was popularly known as Farmer George.

CHAPTER III

1. TELLSON'S BANK. The name Tellson may have been suggested to Dickens's mind by Thellusson's Bank in Paris, in which house of business Jacques Necker (1732-1804), Controller of Finance to Louis XV, began his career as a clerk (Carlyle, I, II, v*). It is generally accepted that "Tellson's Bank by Temple Bar" is Child's Bank, whose premises still occupy the same site.

2. LEATHERN STRAP. The leather looped strap on each side of the door of a coach was provided for passengers to be able to steady themselves when the vehicle was thrown from side to side by the deep ruts of the ill-kept roads. After the introduction of railways, the strap survived in the first-class compartments as a loop made of "coach-trimming." It was a purely ornamental fitting—a "vestige"—as the smooth running of a train on rails does not cause uncomfortable jolting. Some luxurious motor cars of the present day have the upholstered loop as an accessory embellishment.

CHAPTER IV

1. ROYAL GEORGE HOTEL. Probably the Lord Warden Hotel, overlooking the quay and the beach. At the time of the story it was called the Ship. Dickens had often stayed there.

2. DAMP AND DIRTY STRAW. The straw, with which it was customary to strew the floor of coaches as a protection for the passengers' feet from draught and cold would, of course, be damp and dirty in wet weather; hence also the mildewy smell of the enclosed space.

3. CONCORD. It used to be the custom to give names to the bedrooms of inns, instead of numbers as is the modern practice.

4. SEA-COAL. Till the railway era, mineral coal was known as sea-coal as it was transported by sea, in contradistinction to char-coal which was usually delivered by land.

5. A HUNDRED AND FIFTY. Child's Bank was founded late in the sixteenth century; it got its name from Sir Francis Child (1642-1713), who joined it about 1671. Mr. Lorry's one hundred and fifty years for Tellson's was not so very far out.

6. NOBODY COULD ENDURE A LAMPLIGHTER. A euphemistic way of referring to smugglers who naturally prefer a dark night.

7. NEGRO CUPIDS . . . DEAD SEA FRUIT. The cupids and fruit of the pier-glass decoration were, when new, of plaster richly gilt, but had become blackened with dirt and age, so the cupids were negroes and the fruit dead-sea.

8. GRENADIER WOODEN MEASURE. A facetious description of Miss Pross's head-dress, in shape like a circular peck-measure and about the size and with the appearance of a grenadier's busby—an exaggeration, of course. It should be added that in former times dry goods such as wheat, oats, peas, etc., were measured by the pint, quart, pottle, peck and bushel. These measures were circular wooden pots; a peck was equal in capacity to two gallons (8 quarts).

* The quotations from Carlyle's "French Revolution" are taken from the reprint in 3 vols, of the 1837 edition. Each reference indicates volume, book, and chapter thus: II, II, ii.

Chapter V

1. SUBURB OF SAINT ANTOINE. On the modern map represented by Rue de Faubourg Saint Antoine leading from the Place de la Nation to the Place de la Bastille. " Saint-Antoine to whom these peaked turrets and grim donjons [of the Bastille] all-too near her own dark dwelling, are of themselves an offence " (Carlyle, II, III, v).

2. HER KNITTING. Dickens's use of knitting as associated with Madame Defarge and her followers is based on Carlyle. " Citoyennes too thick-crowded in the galleries there ; Citoyennes who bring their seam with them, or their knitting-needles, and shriek or knit as the case needs ; famed Tricoteuses Patriot knitters " (III, II, v). " Men and knitting women repeat Fédéraliste with or without dictionary-meaning " (III, IV, ii). The word also carries its emblematic meaning of making a net from which there is no escape : " For instance," returned Madame Defarge composedly, " shrouds " (Bk. II, Ch. XV).

BOOK II

Chapter I

1. NOAKES. One of the generic names used in *pro formâ* legal documents. Cf. Thomas Atkins in military forms.

2. IRON BARS PROPER. Proper in heraldic art means represented in natural colours. So Tellson's iron bars were unpainted.

3. CONDEMNED HOLD. Hold was an old name for any place of confinement such as a prison, and the Condemned Hold was what is called nowadays the Condemned Cell. Gay uses the term in the Beggar's Opera (1728), with which Dickens was very familiar.

4. NEIGHBOURING CESS-POOLS. Cess-pools were the ordinary means of sanitation in London till the middle of the nineteenth century, when the proper drainage of the metropolis was taken in hand.

5. EVIL COMMUNICATIONS. The correct wording of this proverb comes from Scripture : " Evil communications corrupt good manners " (1 Cor., XV, 33).

6. BARMECIDE ROOM. In the Arabian Nights, one of the Barmecide family set a number of empty dishes, giving each an appetising and magnificent name, before a starving beggar.

7. HEADS EXPOSED ON TEMPLE BAR. The gruesome custom of exposing the heads of executed persons on Temple Bar came to an end in 1772 when the last one was blown down in a gale.

8. RENOUNCING BY PROXY. In the Order for Publick Baptism the infant, by proxy through its God-parents, renounces " the devil and all his works." " The works of darkness " is borrowed from Romans xiii, 12 : " Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and let us put on the armour of light."

9. CHOUSED. Swindled. Now almost obsolete or used only by schoolboys, this word from the Turkish *chiaus* or interpreter, became current soon after 1609, when an interpreter attached to the Turkish Embassy in London perpetrated a great fraud that stirred public imagination (Trench : " English Past and Present," lecture ii).

Chapter II

1. OLD BAILEY. The street running outside the City Wall (ballium) from Newgate to Ludgate gave its name to the Central Criminal Court which covers the site of Newgate Prison and the adjoining Court, demolished 1902-1907.

2. TYBURN. The site of the gallows known as Tyburn Tree is marked by a triangular stone in the roadway near the Marble Arch. The gallows was demolished in 1759 and was not therefore in use at the time of the story (1780). The Tyburn, a stream rising in Hampstead, is now diverted into the drainage system. The name was originally spelt Teoburnan, meaning " boundary stream " (Ekwall, " English Place-Names ").

3. WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT. From Pope's " Essay on Man " :

> " In spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
> One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right."

4. THE TREASON CASE. "A very accurate picture of an eighteenth century criminal court"; it may be founded on Rex *v.* De La Motte (a French baron living in England in retirement). See Annual Register for 1781 (*Dickensian*, 1931, page 179).

5. THE PLAY IN BEDLAM. In 1770 when a special department for incurable lunatics was added to Bethlehem Hospital (then at Moorfields) the public were admitted on payment of one penny entrance-fee to view the inmates. The result had so deplorable an effect on the more excitable patients that when the hospital's new premises were opened at St. George's Fields in 1815 the degrading exhibition was discontinued.

6. BESTREWN WITH HERBS. This precaution is no longer necessary, even if it were ever effective; but the custom is still observed as a tradition.

CHAPTER III

1. FIRST ACTION FOUGHT. The Battle of Bunker Hill, which opened the American Rebellion, after a skirmish at Lexington a couple of months previously, took place on June 17th, 1775, when Darnay was twenty years of age.

CHAPTER IV

1. COUNSEL LEARNED IN THE LAW. A phrase that is usually only used to describe a barrister who has "taken silk"; Stryver had not yet attained the rank of King's Counsel. Perhaps Dickens used the phrase to emphasize Stryver's prominence—and bounce. "He seemed always too big for any place" (Bk. II, xii).

2. INTO A TAVERN. Although this tavern is not named, it is commonly assumed to be the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, the proprietors of which have indeed indicated by a brass plate the actual seat occupied by Carton and Darnay! There are, however, arguments against the identification (see *Dickensian*, 1927, page 209.)

3. FLUNG HIS GLASS OVER HIS SHOULDER. A survival of the old, but expensive, custom of breaking a glass after drinking a toast to a specified lady, to prevent its being subsequently used for baser purposes.

4. LONG WINDING SHEET. Thanks to the substitution of wax for tallow, the more carefully made wicks, and other improvements in the manufacture of candles, these "winding sheets" with their sinister omens of death have long since disappeared.

CHAPTER V

1. PORTRAIT OF JEFFREYS. The portrait of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys (1648-1689) referred to is probably that by Kneller, which shows the wild strained look mentioned. Perhaps the pushing and aggressive manner of Stryver reminded Dickens of Jeffreys's bullying methods.

2. PERSPECTIVE GLASS. An old name for a telescope.

CHAPTER VI

1. QUIET STREET CORNER. The description given here and in later passages in the book applies almost exactly to Carlisle Street, Soho Square, and to the handsome building, No. 10, at the western end of the street, destroyed, alas, in a German air raid in June, 1940. The chief detail that does not tally with the book is that where Dickens states "there was no way through it," whereas there is actually a passage leading to Wardour Street (see *Dickensian*, 1905, page 207, and 1925, page 96).

2. CLERKENWELL. This district was, a century and a half ago, quite an eligible quarter for a man of Lorry's social importance to choose for a residence as it was much more open and rural than it is now, and was, moreover, within easy walking distance of either the city or Temple Bar as well as of Soho.

3. GOLDEN ARM. A sign of the gold-beater's craft now almost unknown except in pictures. An example in Manette Street, Soho, survived till quite recent times.

4. NEARER TO THE LOWER ANGELS. A beautiful adaptation of Psalm VIII, 5: "Thou hast made him [man] a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honour," as a tribute to Miss Pross's character.

5. IMPOVERISHED FRENCH. The Soho district became the home of numerous French refugees after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, which drove 400,000 persecuted and disinherited French Protestants into exile. A further influx of French refugees from the persecution of the French Revolution occurred, but that had not happened when Dr. Manette settled in his " quiet street corner."

6. CINDERELLA'S GODMOTHER. A truly Dickensian reminder that a pumpkin could be turned into a coach, a rat into a coachman, and mice into prancing coach-horses.

7. BLUE CHAMBER. This is not the only occasion on which Dickens uses his love of the story of Bluebeard for a simile. In *Martin Chuzzlewit* the sacrosanct room in which Cherry and Mercy Pecksniff slept is also called a Blue Chamber.

8. I HAVE BEEN THERE. The Tower of London was at that period used as a prison for persons accused of treason, the crime for which Darnay was tried. It is now a fortress only, accommodating a military garrison, but on rare occasions during the War of 1914-1918 and also in the Second World War was used for persons accused of treason.

9. ST. PAUL'S WAS STRIKING ONE. An indication that Londoners used to sit up at night quite as late as many of us do to-day.

CHAPTER VII

1. MONSEIGNEUR. The title of honour reserved for very high dignitaries such as princes, bishops, etc. The Monseigneur here mentioned seems to be probably one of the King's principal Ministers of State, who is holding one of his periodical levées or receptions, at which Monsieur the Marquis (Monseigneur to his serfs in the village) d'Evrémonde is present.

2. MERRY STUART WHO SOLD IT. King Charles II, of course, who drew for many years a pension from Louis XIV for stultifying the national policy of his ministers.

3. THE EARTH AND THE FULNESS THEREOF. The Bible version reads : " The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof ; the world and they that dwell therein " (Ps. XXIV, 1).

4. FARMER-GENERAL. Fermiers-généraux was the name given in France to the members of a privileged class who farmed or leased the public revenues. The office was sold to the highest bidder but usually to the King's favourites. Abuses of the most flagrant kind had demoralised this method of taxation until the Revolution abolished it.

5. CONVULSIONISTS. A class of religious fanatics that arose about 1730 among the Jansenists founded by Cornelius Jansen (1585-1638), Bishop of Ypres. The Convulsionists, in their fervour, threw themselves on the ground in convulsions, real or simulated.

6. TUILERIES. A royal palace on the banks of the Seine adjoining the Louvre. It got its name from the fact that it was built (1566) on the site of an ancient pleasure-house, Hôtel des Tuileries, where there were several tileworks (tuileries). The palace was taken and occupied by the National Convention in 1793, the building and its extensive grounds being renamed Jardin National. The palace was burnt down in 1871 by the Commune, and the gardens, now a public park, are known as Jardin des Tuileries.

7. STEADFASTNESS OF FATE. Fate or Destiny has from the earliest times been regarded as inexorable, inevitable, irresistible, uncontrollable, and unavoidable.

CHAPTER VIII

1. ATTENDED BY THE FURIES. The Roman Furies or Dirae, the Avenging Deities ; three fearful winged maidens with serpents twined in their hair and with blood dripping from their eyes, they were dreaded by gods and men.

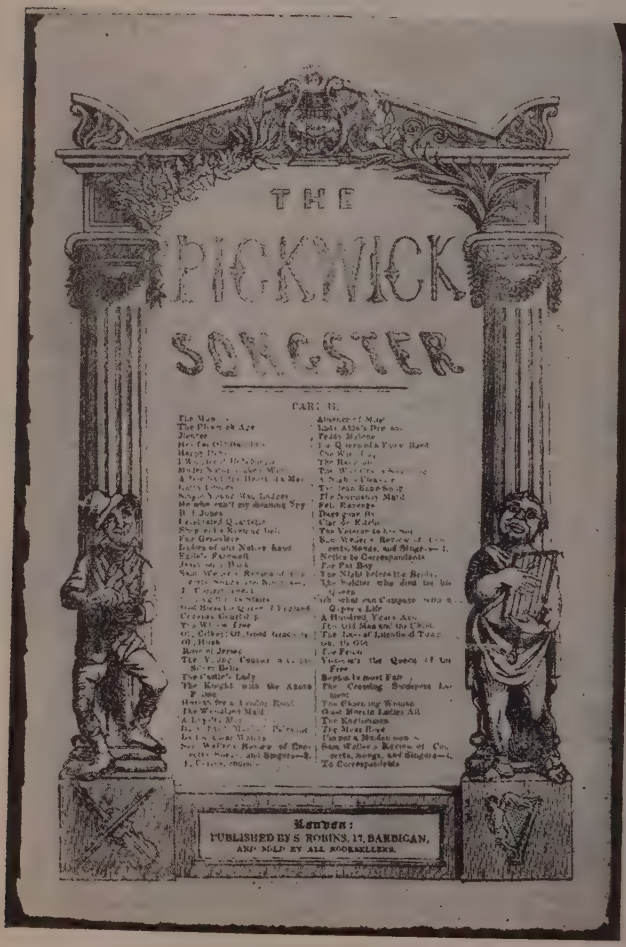
CHAPTER IX

1. STONE COURTYARD. This paragraph is a good example of a Dickens mannerism of alliterative treatment of a scene. Another instance can be found in *Little Dorrit* : Marseilles on a hot August day—" staring white houses, staring white walls, staring white streets, staring tracts of arid roads, staring hills."

2. VERY SWEETLY INDEED. A characteristic touch; how alike are this Monseigneur and that other aristocrat, Sir John Chester, in *Barnaby Rudge*, in their underlying hardness of character concealed by a veneer of studied politeness and polish of behaviour.

3. LETTRE DE CACHET. A letter signed with the secret seal of the King of France, giving a warrant for the imprisonment of any person without trial. The lieutenant-general of police kept a number in stock with a space left for the insertion of a name, and anyone, for a consideration, could obtain one. The powers conferred by these letters were much abused, and *lettres de cachet* were abolished by the Revolution.

(To be concluded)



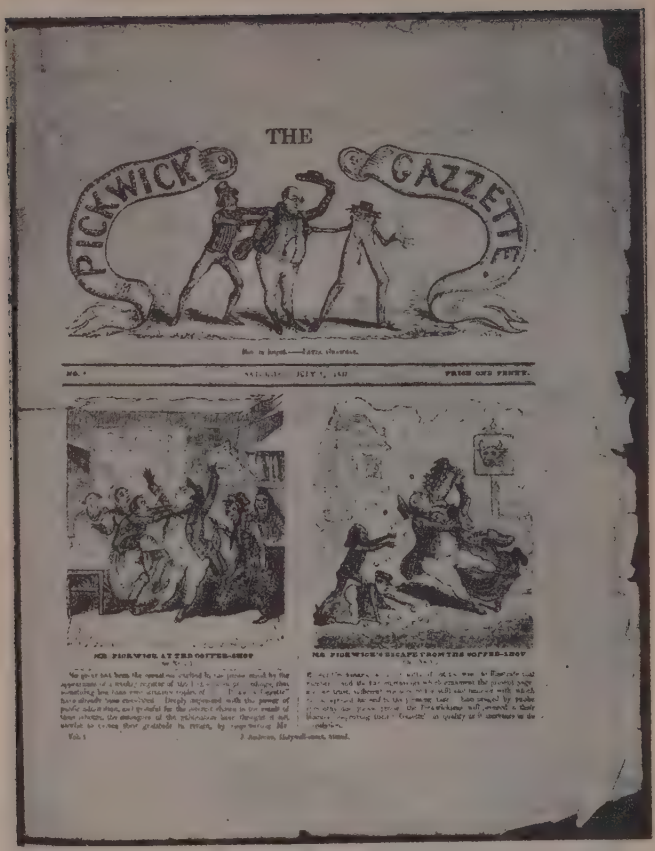
Another item from the Wm. Miller Collection of Pickwick Plagiarisms

MR. PICKWICK'S
COLLECTION OF SONGS
YATES, as "MR. PICKWICK."
CONTENTS.
May the young Queen be happy.
My Sailor's Heart.
She wore a wreath of Roses.
The Sailor Boy.
Life at White Conduit Gardens.
Mark'd you her eye?
Devil among the Lawyers.
He who can't my meaning spy.
Oh, crikey! Oh, good gracious.
Wine! wine! my boys!
Fat Sarah Gray.
Banks of the sweet Primroses.
Paddy Blake and the Echo.
The Parish Beadle.
Smeeton, Printer, 74, Tooley-street.

BOGUS PICKWICKIANA

THE fascinating field of the plagiarisms of *The Pickwick Papers* is further enriched by an interesting article in "The Connoisseur" for December last, by F. Gordon Roe. By the courtesy of the editor, we are able to reproduce the illustrations which are from examples in the Wm. Miller Collection.

"Mr. Pickwick's Collection of Songs," illustrated above, is an anonymous compilation of about 1837 and bears a portrait of Frederick Yates, the father of Edmund Yates, as he appeared in the name part of "The Peregrinations of Pickwick," by Leman Rede, at the Adelphi Theatre in October 1836, six months after the appearance of the first number of the book. Our frontispiece shows the yellow wrapper of G. W. M. Reynolds's "Pickwick Abroad" (1839) designed by Alfred Forrester ("Crowquill"). This, of course, was by far the most important of the plagiarisms.


THE
PICKWICK GAZZETTE
PRICE ONE PENNY.
MR. PICKWICK AT THE COFFEE-SHOP
MR. PICKWICK'S ESCAPE FROM THE COFFEE-SHOP

"The Pickwick Gazzette," the third number (1837) of which is shown above, was one of the several Pickwick *newspapers* which appeared while the novel was in course of publication but probably did not long survive it. It was illustrated by (Isaac) Robert Cruikshank, brother of the famous George. This is obviously one of the earliest of the piracies, earlier, in the opinion of Mr. Gordon Roe, than "The Penny Pickwick." The leading feature of this issue was "Mr. Pickwick's Visit to Queen Victoria," who had been on the throne but a month. Copies of these *newspapers* are naturally now exceedingly scarce. Having no literary value whatsoever, they were not preserved but surviving copies are to-day astonishing comments on the popularity of the work whose success they sought to turn to advantage.

On page 74 appears "The Pickwick Songster Part II." The cover design is signed by C. J. Grant and is undated.

CHESTERTON AND CHARLES DICKENS

By PATRICK BRAYBROOKE

I.

FORTY years have elapsed since Chesterton wrote his critical book on Dickens. It was its author's best book, and possibly it is the best book ever written or ever likely to be written about the Victorian novelist who burst upon the world like a shattering thunderstorm.

Dickens was a great man and a great author. Chesterton asks us to be careful in the use of the word "great." In the case of Dickens, he was great because he was not only a careful artist, he was an exuberant artist, he painted with a zeal both excitable yet restrained: "he could not make a monotonous man." Chesterton, after a series of delicious dialectics tells us with a sudden fall into calm realism why Dickens was great:

> "We are filled with the first of all democratic doctrines, that all men are interesting; Dickens tried to make some of his people appear dull people, but he could not keep them dull. The bores in his books are brighter than the wits in other books."

Because Chesterton admired Dickens was no reason to prevent him from being very fully aware of any of his weaknesses. He found him just a little inclined to be quarrelsome in literary matters; he made enemies when he might have made friends, he was a Victorian and really rather touchy about foibles. Chesterton sees him in a state of worry, in a "stew," stamping about and writing passionate denials of matters, that even if they had been enumerated, could at worst be but annoying trifles. So Chesterton sums up the problem of this Dickens irascibility, this pique:

> "No one can say of him that he was often wrong: we can only say of him as of many pugnacious people that he was often right."

To Chesterton the very essential genius of Dickens lay in the fact that he was in reality something more than a novelist. He was not like so many modern authors, something less than a novelist. He was, in the judgement of Chesterton, a kind of manufacturer of literary symbols parading about, and parading about successfully, as ordinary men and ordinary women. But his art made them extraordinary in the almost forgotten sense of the word, not peculiar but out of the ordinary. There is a vast and fundamental difference. Thus Chesterton writes his definition of Dickens: something courageous and something not written before:

> "Dickens was a mythologist rather than a novelist; he was the last of the mythologists, and perhaps the greatest. He did not always manage to make his characters men, but he always managed at the least to make them gods. They are creatures like Punch or Father Christmas. They live statically, in a perpetual summer of being themselves."

And the characters, so many of them are so jolly, how they do know how to be merry, an art we in modern England have almost completely neglected, but not I hope finally lost. *The Pickwick Papers* is almost a fairy story:

> "Mr. Samuel Pickwick is not the fairy: he is the fairy prince: that is to say, he is the abstract wanderer and wonderer, the Ulysses of comedy. He has set out walking to the end of the world, but he knows he will find an inn there."

II.

Perhaps the most illuminating part of the book on Charles Dickens that Chesterton wrote, and by it advanced on his journey to fame, is that which deals with Dickens's amazing and unique popularity. He called it "the great popularity." At once we are told that this popularity was not just the fact that Dickens was a best seller or even was tremendously talked about, it was indeed something very much more, something that had not happened before, and almost certainly will never happen again. It was as though Dickens came to be some new and wonderful literary star, blazed a trail through the dolorous night of Victorian pessimism, and with his final passing from the earthly scene, left behind him a mass of permanent and indestructible idealistic and realistic fiction.

Men never grew tired of Dickens and with a queer kind of whimsical truth Chesterton writes:

> "Men read a Dickens story six times because they knew it so well. In short, the Dickens novel was popular because it was a real world; not a world in which the soul could live . . . Men give out the airs of Dickens without even opening his books: just as Catholics can live in a tradition of Christianity without having looked at the New Testament."

III.

It is manifestly impossible in an article to consider the Chestertonian position with regard to many of the famous characters of Dickens. I have said just a little about Mr. Pickwick and let me say a little about Little Nell. I am not concerned here as to whether Little Nell was based on a real character Dickens had known or whether she was a kind of lovely symbol, too good to live, but also good enough to die. Chesterton gives us his critical judgement of her: and would her grandfather disagree? I think he would be the first to agree with the careful verdict given by Chesterton:

> "Little Nell has never any of the sacred bewilderment of a baby."

She is indeed a grown-up child and I think she would have curtsied to the Victorian stage coach as it rolled by, with Mr. Pickwick shouting "all the way to Dingley Dell."

So again to select at random another Dickens character. Of Mrs. Gamp, Chesterton writes with penetrating insight:

> "We can destroy Mrs. Gamp in our wrath, but we could not have made her in our joy."

Many Dickensian critics have attacked Dickens on the grounds that his villains are so bad that they are not only inhuman but unhuman. They allege that Fagin is a little bit too bad, Sykes too shockingly rough with Nancy, Squeers an exaggeration. The critics have a right to their opinions; I have a right to disagree with them. I believe that the Dickens villains are by no means exaggerated; they are to be found in every modern walk of life. What does Chesterton say of them? He admits of no kind of compromise whatsoever. He is discussing the "lurid villainy" of the bad people of Charles Dickens.

> "He inherited, undoubtedly, this unqualified villain as he inherited so many other things, from the whole history of European literature. Nobody ever made less attempt to whitewash evil than Dickens. He crowds his stories with a kind of villain rare in modern fiction—the villain really without any 'redeeming point.'"

To sum up on this problem of the mass of villains, Chesterton concludes:

> "His emphasis on evil was melodramatic."

In other words Dickens sailed into the regions of the stage villain of the Victorian melodrama, but he did not, I believe, sail out from the stormy seas of probability. This is, I think, important, and confirms the essence of the Chesterton critical approach to Dickens: that there was no kind of unreality either about him as a man, as a novelist or even as an ardent and indeed successful reformer.

He dealt with the world of reality, not as a Plato, but as a writer of remarkable genius. That is what can be found in a careful study of Chesterton's book.

IV.

It is possibly with a feeling of melancholy that we approach to a consideration of what would be, for Chesterton, the future of Charles Dickens. I say melancholy for the pen of Chesterton cannot again create for us the exquisite pen portrait of the magnificent Victorian genius from whose pen came reforms no less important than those achieved by the greatest statesmen or scientists.

With a conclusion that seems almost commonplace Chesterton sees the certain and obvious permanence of Dickens.

> "That Dickens will have a high place in permanent literature, there is, I imagine, no prig surviving to deny."

But there is very much more to it than that. Permanence is not sufficient for Dickens. Many Victorians have achieved that kind of well-merited earthly immortality. Dickens has quite a different basis of fame. So Chesterton places Dickens an absolute and undisputed first in the enormous gallery of Victorian celebrities:

> "Some would now say that the highest platform is left to Thackeray and Dickens; some to Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot; some to Dickens, Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë. I venture to offer the proposition that when more years have passed and more weeding has been effected, Dickens will dominate the whole England of the nineteenth century. He will be left on that platform alone."

With a kind of clarion cry of triumph, with a rational but exuberant peroration, with a masterly summing-up, with a declaration that even now seems to be as true as though it had been written in this year of 1945, Chesterton ends his critical study of Charles Dickens:

> "The hour of absinthe is over. We shall not be much further troubled with the little artists who found Dickens too sane for their sorrows and too clean for their delights. But we have a long way to travel before we get back to what Dickens meant: and the passage is along a rambling English road, a twisting road such as Mr. Pickwick travelled. But this at least is part of what he meant: that comradeship and serious joy are not interludes in our travel, but that rather our travels are interludes in comradeship and joy, which through God shall endure for ever. The inn does not point to the road: the road points to the inn. And all roads point at last to an ultimate inn, where we shall meet Dickens and all his characters, and when we shall drink again it shall be from the great flagons in the tavern at the end of the world."

If we would wish to take ourselves out of the rush and panic of the modern world in which men and women find it hard to know which road to take or down which winding way they have come, they cannot do better than take down from their bookshelves the volumes created by Charles Dickens.

And if they would wish further to consider in some detail the nature of the man and the formation of the mind that created these books, they may well, so many years after it was published, open the pages of the book by Chesterton, "Charles Dickens: A Critical Study."

And in it they will discover most of what was Dickens, his hopes, his fears, his quarrels, his successes, his failures, his heroes, his heroines, his villains, and his reforms.

They will find the book though old in years is still young in outlook and they will be able to say at the end of it:

Let us raise our glasses to the immortal memory of Charles Dickens and the toast shall, even from the quiet of his grave, be proposed by this twentieth century critic, who in 1906, published his critical study.

ON CHESNEY WOLD

AFTER completing *Bleak House*, Dickens wrote to its mistress, the Hon. Mrs. Watson, his hostess on several happy visits to Rockingham Castle: "In some of the descriptions of Chesney Wold, I have taken many bits, chiefly about trees and shadows, from observations made at Rockingham. I wonder whether you have ever thought so!" It has seldom been doubted that this beautiful Northamptonshire seat sat to Dickens for its portrait as the ancestral home of the Dedlocks in Lincolnshire.*

Chesney Wold must not, however, be taken as a photographic description. Dickens speaks of "many bits." It was his custom to combine his impressions of more than one place in his descriptions, and free play was seldom denied his imagination. A visit to Rockingham Castle reveals a great deal that obviously provided much of the house we know so well, and quite a lot that equally obviously did not. Prominent among the latter is the yew walk which has been claimed for the original of the Ghost's Walk of *Bleak House*. To begin with it is not paved, an essential condition for such a claimant.

It is therefore not unreasonable to admit that possibly Chesney Wold is a composite portrait, and the interesting theory is propounded by the Rev. Peter B. G. Binnall that Fillingham Castle suggested some features at least to Dickens. While granting that this is but a theory, the several coincidences, if they are no more, are startling enough.

The novel was written between the autumn of 1851 and August 1853, which means that it was begun at the end of a period of three years during which we have it on Forster's authority that Tennyson was amongst one of the author's most regular visitors. Tennyson's paternal grandfather was a family lawyer of the old school, practising at Market Rasen, in North Lincolnshire, and deep in the secrets of many local families, as was his son Charles Tennyson (afterwards D'Eyncourt). From these relatives Tennyson, always deeply interested in the traditions of his native county, would no doubt hear the story of Sir Cecil Wray, 13th baronet, of Fillingham Castle, a few miles west of Market Rasen, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the poet may have transmitted some of the anecdotes to Dickens, who, it is interesting to note, knew D'Eyncourt in his reporting days. (See letter to Hartland, The Nonesuch Letters, Vol. I, p. 10.)

This Sir Cecil Wray (1734-1805) built Fillingham Castle in a mock-antique style, and caused the grounds to be laid out by a prominent landscape gardener, who carried his art to such a pitch as to erect "ruined" arches and gateways at several points in the Park. The house itself, of which the account of Chesney Wold might serve as a description, was "of the castellated form, square, with a circular bastion tower at each corner, and an embattled parapet" (Weir, "History of Lincolnshire," 1828). It stands on the brow of a limestone

* See *The Dickensian*, 1925, p. 199.

ridge, known as The Cliff, and commands extensive views over the valley of the Trent. Below it, and in the centre of the landscape, the tower of the village church rises from amidst the trees and beyond is the extensive lake.

The baronet, though not so pompous as Sir Leicester Dedlock, was a confirmed Tory and a person of unshakable convictions upon a number of points, which not infrequently involved him in disputes with his neighbours and in other difficulties. In 1784, with Lord Hood, he contested Westminster with Charles James Fox, apparently in perfect confidence that the electorate there would return him, as had the freeholders of East Retford on previous occasions. In this, however, he was disappointed, and the election, which excited wide-spread interest, and is described in "The Annual Register," resulted in a victory for Fox, who defeated his opponent by 236 votes.

Sir Cecil's lady, though not "twenty years, full measure" younger than her lord, did survive him for twenty years. She was a person of great beauty, concerning whose birth and antecedents nothing is known, probably because "he married her for love." The date and place of the marriage have not been ascertained. (These particulars are taken from C. Dalton's, "The Wrays of Glentworth"). Certainly, "the whisper still goes about that she had not even family," but one fact, of which the significance will immediately be apparent, is that her maiden name was Esther Summers.

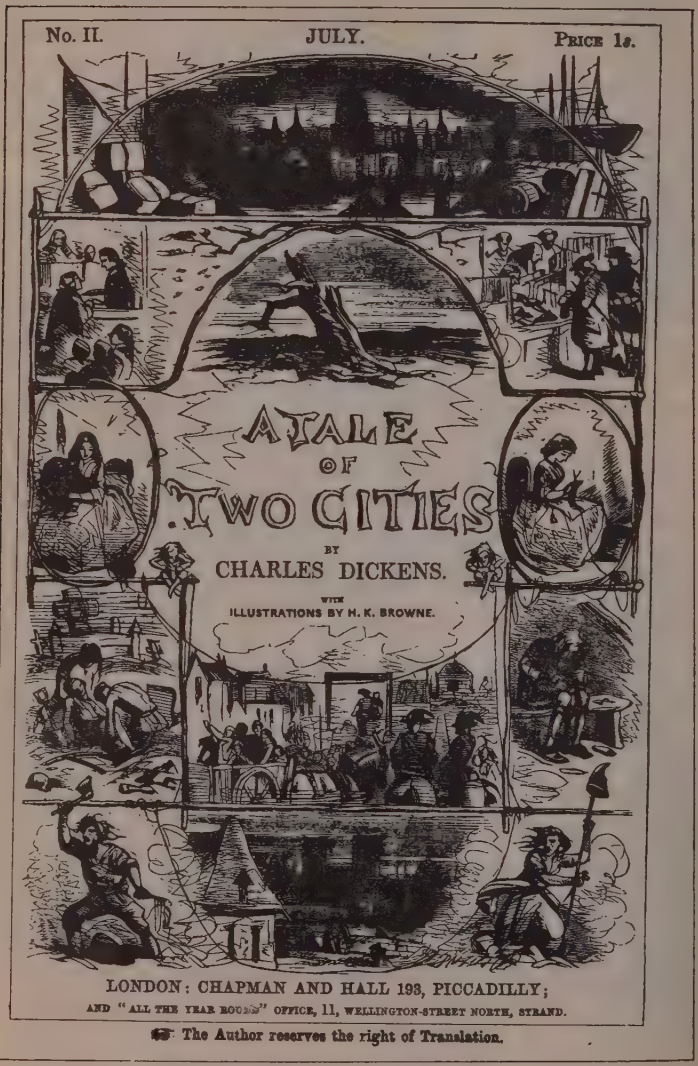
Sir Cecil Wray had a neighbour, the squire of the nearby village of Harpswell, a Mr. Whichcot, who greatly resented the baronet's action in building a wall across what had long been regarded as a public way through the Park. Sir Charles Anderson's description of Squire Whichcot's action in the matter provides an interesting parallel to the well-known passage in Chapter IX of *Bleak House*. "Old Squire Whichcot of Harpswell . . . used to maintain (the right of way) by coming in his coach and four annually, attended by a gang of labourers, who proceeded to pull down the wall, and a breach being made, he drove through and across the park to the Lincoln road, whence he returned by the same route, and Sir Cecil built up his wall, and this ceremonial continued during the squire's life" ("Lincoln Pocket Guide," 1892).

It seems improbable that in other respects Mr. Whichcot can dispute the claim usually advanced on behalf of W. S. Landor to be the original of Lawrence Boythorn, nor is his house now standing for comparison.

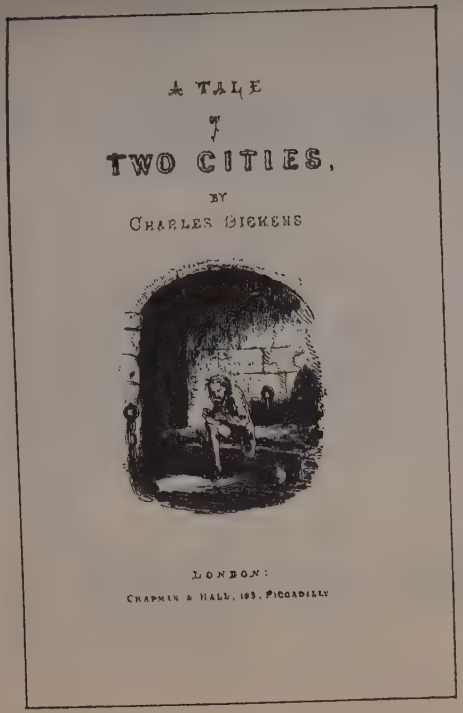
The evidence in support of Fillingham may be summarised thus: It was, though not an old house, the mansion of an ancient and proud family, fitting in reasonably with the description of Chesney Wold. The fact that the real mansion and the fictitious one are both situate in Lincolnshire is too obvious to require comment; nor is it, in itself, of any particular significance. Here lived a Tory baronet, defeated by a popular candidate in a parliamentary election, married to a beautiful woman of obscure extraction, called Esther Summers, and indulging in a prolonged dispute over a right of way with an untitled but vigorous and independent neighbour. It would be interesting to be able to equate the "ironworks further north" with the extensive ironstone mines and smelting furnaces at Scunthorpe, fifteen miles or so north of Fillingham, but unfortunately the presence of the mineral wealth in the latter place was unsuspected until several years after the publication of *Bleak House*. L.C.S.

A NEW DICKENS BIBLIOGRAPHY

A TALE OF TWO CITIES



Phiz's Design for the blue wrappers of the seven monthly parts



MANUSCRIPT. Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

First published weekly in "All the Year Round" from April 30th to November 26th, 1859, 31 numbers in all. Also in seven monthly parts, the last being a double number, from June to December 1859, with a blue wrapper designed by Phiz, who also supplied sixteen plates. In the first issue there are two pages numbered 113, the second should be 213. The parts were subsequently bound in red cloth.

FRONTISPIECE. Illustrated Title page, reverse blank, Title page, reverse blank. Dedication to Lord John Russell; one page unnumbered, reverse blank. Preface; one page unnumbered, dated November 1859, reverse blank. Contents; two pages, first unnumbered, second viii. List of Plates, unnumbered, reverse blank, pp. 254. 16 Illustrations. Imprint on last page, C. Whiting, Beaufort House, Strand.

A

TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY;
AND AT THE OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,
11, WELLINGTON STREET NORTH
MDCCCLIX.

NICHOLAS SLIPS

By D. A. P. R.

A CAREFUL reading of the First Edition of *Nicholas Nickleby* published in monthly parts in 1838-1839, reveals several irregularities in spelling, punctuation, printing, etc., but whether due to the author, the printers (Bradbury & Evans), or the publishers (Chapman & Hall) is not known. As the demand for the book increased, further reprinting of the parts was required, and some of the errors indicated below were corrected for these later issues. Forster read all Dickens's proof-sheets as they were printed but he seems to have missed a good many mistakes. Finally Dickens revised the text of the whole of his novels in 1867-1868 for the *Charles Dickens Edition* and these "copyright emendations" were incorporated in the great *National Edition* (1906). Words marked with an asterisk (*) are obsolete forms, current in 1838. "f.b." after a line number means "from bottom of page."

Chap.	*Page*	*Line*	*First Edition*	*National Edition*
Preface	x	2	"l" dropped at end of line	"l" restored
I	1	13	Fives' (redundant apostrophe)	not corrected
II	7	12 f.b.	wound up (comma wanted)	comma inserted
	7	10 f.b.	over-wound then (comma wanted)	comma inserted
	13	10 f.b.	what, (comma redundant)	comma omitted
III	16	10	bannisters (misprint)	banisters
	21	22	teaze*	tease
			p. 256 teazing*	teasing
			414 tease	tease
			509 teaze*	tease
IV	24	13	villanous*	villainous
			p. 92 villany*	villainy
			311 villany*	villainy
			494 villanous*	villainous
			528 villany*	villainy
	32	8 f.b.	stedfastly*	steadfastly
			p. 407 stedfast*	stedfast*
			448 stedfastly*	stedfastly*
			503 stedfastly*	stedfastly*
			507 stedfast*	stedfast*
VI	41	7 f.b.	here ("re" broken away)	"re" restored
	46	3	merry (comma wanted)	comma inserted
	52	7	mustachios*	moustachios*
			p. 14 moustachios*	moustachios*
	57	7 f.b.	dispatch	dispatch
			p. 48 despatch*	despatch*
VIII	66	26	threshing*	thrashing
			p. 281 threshing*	threshing*
			375 threshed*	thrashed
	68	16 f.b.	eat (past participle)	eaten
		15 f.b.	eat (past tense)	ate
IX	82	22	learn (misprint) (for "lean")	misprint repeated learn
XII	108	25	swoln*	swollen
			p. 181 swoln*	swollen
			352 swollen	swollen
			527 swollen	swollen
XIII	112	14	'till (apostrophe redundant)	apostrophe omitted
			p. 142 'till	apostrophe omitted
			565 'till	apostrophe omitted
XIV	123	17	visiter	sister
XV	129	1	up stairs (hyphen wanted)	hyphen inserted
XVI	134	16	sunk (past tense, for sank)	sunk
			p. 377 sunk (past tense)	sunk
XVII	149	15	to care a damn	to care a curse
	160	6 f.b.	latter (This misprint was corrected in later printings of the first edition.)	letter
XVIII	161	title	doating*	doting
			pp. 365, 509, 534 and 588 doting	doting
XXI	193	6	ill will (hyphen wanted)	hyphen inserted

	Page	Line	First Edition	National Edition
XXI	198	15 f.b.	yesterday ('s wanted)	yesterday's
XXII	211	6	whitey-brown*	whitey-brown*
			p. 283 whity-brown	whitey-brown*
XXIII	222	17	Crummles' (apostrophe redundant) ..	apostrophe omitted
		24	to do with it ! (! should be ?)	
			(Several instances of this kind of punctuation occur in the book.)	
XXV	238	8	inesribed (misprint)	inscribed
			(This misprint was corrected in later printings of the first edition.) ..	
	245	10	two flys (? flies)	flys
	253	23 f.b.	Lord (should not be L) (this occurs several times)	lord
			p. 259 Lordship for lordship	
	255	11	ecstacy (error in spelling)	ecstasy
			pp. 320, 371, 463, 569, 582, and 615 ecstacy	ecstasy
XXVII	265	2	Witiitterly ('s wanted)	Witiitterly's
	264 to 274		Lord Verisopht; in several places. It is not clear whether this gentleman was a peer in his own right or only bore a courtesy title, but as Dickens in his revision calls him uniformly Lord Frederick or Lord Frederick Verisopht the second alternative seems to be correct.	
XXVIII	270	15	mercie (" e " redundant)	merci
	272	2	visiters*	visitors
			p. 274 visiters*	visitors
			326 visitors	visitors
	273	1	twenty-years (hyphen redundant) ..	hyphen omitted
	278	12	chair for her (comma wanted)	comma inserted
XXIX	288	7	Ralph (full stop dropped)	full stop inserted
XXX	291	7 f.b.	again : (full stop wanted)	full stop inserted
	292	18	Let her and I (incorrect grammar) ..	not corrected
	294	3 f.b.	notice of it (inverted commas wanted)	" inserted
	295	12 f.b.	fore finger (hyphen wanted)	hyphen inserted
XXXI	305	13	back-parlour (comma wanted)	comma inserted
XXXII	308	24 f.b	controul*	control
			p. 537 control	control
XXXIII	315	10 f.b.	bason*	basin
	319	16	Think (small t wanted)	think
		23	every thing (one word)	everything
	322	16 f.b.	Tom Tidler's (dd wanted)	Tiddler's
	323	18 f.b.	trowsers*	trousers
			p. 327 trousers	trousers
			461 trowsers*	trousers
			516 trousers	trousers
XXXIV	332	20	immovable (correct)	
			p. 391 immoveable (incorrect) ..	immovable
			462 immoveable (incorrect) ..	immovable
			507 immovable (correct)	immovable
			559 immoveable (incorrect) ..	immovable
			596 immoveable (incorrect) ..	immovable
			448 unloveable (incorrect) .. .	unlovable
	340	11 f.b.	must n't (usually closed up)	mustn't
	341	5 f.b.	must n't (usually closed up)	mustn't
		6	Cheeryble, Brothers (comma redundant)	comma retained
	344	10	Cheeryble, Brothers (comma redundant)	comma retained
	346	22 f.b.	Cheeryble, Brothers (comma redundant)	comma retained
	342	16	conducter (misprint)	conductor
	344	16	mignionette (incorrect)	mignonette
			p. 388 mignionette	mignonette
XXXVI	361	22 f.b.	excellences	excellences
			p. 328 excellencies	excellences
			480 excellences	excellences
			456 elegancies	elegancies
			517 elegancies	elegancies
			(The query here is whether the plural is of excellence or excellency, and and of elegance or elegancy.)	
XXXVIII	368	6 f.b.	mattrass (incorrect)	mattress

Chap.	*Page*	*Line*	*First Edition*	*National Edition*
XL	387	8 f.b.	what one (incorrect grammar)	what prison or escape
XLI	404	24 f.b.	binn*	bin
XLII	414	7	curtsey*	curtsey*
	414	11 f.b.	curtsey*	curtsey*
XLIII	417	12	towering (comma wanted) . ..	comma inserted
	422	3 f.b.	almanacks*	almanacks*
XLV	441	3	best humoured (hyphen wanted) ..	hyphen inserted
	443	8	the pain (comma wanted)	comma inserted
XLVII	463	last line	recal*	recall
			p. 530 recal*	recall
	467	22	stanch* (adjective)	staunch
			p. 497 staunch	staunch
L	493	13	eager (comma wanted)	comma inserted
	498	14	if I can ; (comma wanted)	comma inserted
LI	505	19 f.b.	weasen (incorrect)	weasen
			p. 604 weazen (correct)	weasen
LIII	524	26 f.b.	redress it ;—(dash redundant)	dash omitted
LIV	541	21 f.b.	" retire. " We can (redundant inverted commas)	" retire. We can ..
LVI	563	3	incumbered*	incumbered*
LIX	586	24	suprise (misprint)	surprise

DICKENS QUOTATIONS FOR THE TIMES

SELECTED BY M. K. BRADBY

PACIFISTS.

"A society for declaiming about Peace, with a very considerable War-whoop against all non-declaimers " ; . . . who " sum up eloquently the many unspeakable miseries and horrors of war, and present them to their own country as a conclusive reason for its being undefended against War, and becoming the prey of the first despot who might choose to inflict those miseries and horrors upon it."

" Proposals for Amusing Posterity," *Miscellaneous Papers.*

* * * * * *

BRUTAL PUNISHMENT.

" The late brutal assaults. I strongly question the expediency of advocating the revival of whipping for these crimes. It is a natural and generous impulse to be indignant at the perpetration of inconceivable brutality, but I doubt the whipping panacea gravely. Not in the least regard or pity for the criminal, whom I hold in far lower estimation than a mad wolf, but in consideration for the general tone and feeling, which is very much improved since the whipping times. It is bad for a people to be familiarised with such punishments. . . . . The whip is a very contagious kind of thing and difficult to confine within one set of bounds. Utterly abolish punishment by fine—a barbarous device, quite as much out of date as wager by battle . . ."

" Lying Awake," *Reprinted Pieces.*

* * * * * *

WAR NO EXCUSE FOR NEGLECTING SOCIAL REFORMS.

Apropos of the government of the day " excusing itself from the performance of every duty it undertook to discharge " " by one unvarying reference " to the war, John Bull observes :

" If I be unhappily involved in all this trouble at a distance, let me at least do some slight good at home. Let me have some compensating balance, here, for all my domestic loss and sorrow there. If my precious children be slain upon my right hand, let me, for God's sake, the better teach and nurtur those growing up upon my left."

" Mr. Bull's Somnambulist." *Miscellaneous Papers.*

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"The greatest favour you could do me, and yourself too, I am inclined to think, would be to try to forget this battle-field, and others like it, in that broader battle-field of Life, on which the sun looks every day . . .

"I believe there are quiet victories and struggles, great sacrifices of self, and noble acts of heroism, in it. . . . not the less difficult to achieve, because they have no earthly chronicle or audience; done every day in nooks and corners, and in little households, and in men's and women's hearts—any one of which might reconcile the sternest man to such a world, and fill him with belief and hope in it, though two-fourths of its people were at war, and another fourth at law; and that's a bold word."

The Battle of Life.

* * * * * *

SUGGESTION FOR A NEW GREAT EXHIBITION.

Let "the Princes, Prelates, Nobles, Merchants of England" unite "for another Exhibition—for a great display of England's sins and negligences, to be by steady contemplation of all eyes, and steady union of all hearts and hands, set right." . . .

"Wake, Colleges of Oxford, from day-dreams of ecclesiastical melodrama, and look on these realities in the daylight, for the night cometh when no man can work! Listen, my Lords and Gentlemen, to the roar within, so deep, so real, so low down, so incessant and accumulative! Not all the reedy pipes of all the shepherds that eternally play one little tune" . . . not "Prosody or Law or State or Church or quantities of anything but work in the right spirit, will quiet it for a second, or clear an inch of space in this dark Exhibition of the bad results of our doings! Where shall we hold it? When shall we open it?"

"The Last Words of the Old Year." *Miscellaneous Papers.*

* * * * * *

AN ALLIANCE BETWEEN THE CLASSES TO SECURE BETTER HOUSING.

". . . It is impossible to set limits to the happy issues that would flow from it. A better understanding between the two great divisions of Society, a habit of kinder and nearer approach, an increased respect and trustfulness on both sides, a gently corrected method on each of considering the views of the other, would lead to such blessed improvements and interchanges among us, that even our narrow wisdom might within the compass of a short time learn to bless the sickly year in which so much good blossomed out of evil."

"To Working Men." *Miscellaneous Papers.*

* * * * * *

SLUM CLEARANCE AND BETTER HOUSING.

"The first obligation of a Christian government is to secure the people Homes instead of polluted dens."

"Let the working people in the metropolis, in any great town, but turn their intelligence, their energy, their numbers, their power of union, their patience, their perseverance, in this straight direction in earnest—and by Christmas they shall find a government in Downing Street and a House of Commons within hail of it, possessing not the faintest family resemblance to the Indifferents and Incapables last heard of in that slumberous neighbourhood.

"It is only through a government so acted upon and so forced to acquit itself of its first responsibility, that the intolerable ills arising from the present nature of the dwellings of the poor can be remedied. A Board of Health can do much, but not near enough. Funds are wanted, and great powers are wanted; powers to override little interests for the general good; powers to coerce the ignorant, obstinate and slothful, and to punish all who, by any infraction of necessary laws, imperil the public health. The working people and the middle-class thoroughly resolved to have such laws, there is no more choice left to all the Red Tape in Britain as to the form in which it shall tie itself next, than there is option in the barrel of a barrel-organ what tune it shall play."

"To Working Men." *Miscellaneous Papers.*

THE DUTY OF SOCIAL SERVICE.

The crimes of slum-dwellers should make us "examine the social conditions laid bare in such cases, and plainly avow that we find great numbers of people sunk in horrible debasement, and that they must be got out of it by (among other means) having more humanising pleasures provided for them." But instead we pay a subscription "and go to Church next Sunday with the adhesive plaster of those sixty queen's heads binding up our rickety consciences." And our leaders "set us the example, and do the same."

"We found it much easier to pay the fine than undertake the service. The service required of us was severe. Paralysis had disclosed itself in the heart and brain of our administration of affairs.

. . . . . .

"The service demanded of us by the crisis was the recovery of our strength through steadfastness in what was plainly right, and overthrow of what was plainly wrong. The service was difficult, ungentlemanly, unpopular in good society; and we paid the fine with pleasure.

"But if every man drawn in a conscription paid a fine instead of going for a soldier, the country in which that happened would have no defenders. There are fights not fought by soldiers, O my countrymen, and they are no less necessary to the defence of a country, and the conscription for that war is on every one of us.

"Money is great, but it is not omnipotent. All the money that could be piled up between this and the moon would not fill the place of one little grain of duty."

"A Slight Depreciaton of the Currency." *Miscellaneous Papers.*

* * * * * *

LONDON'S NEEDS.

It made my heart ache to think of this miserable trifling in the streets of a city where every stone seemed to call to me, as I walked along, "Turn this way, man, and see what waits to be done!" [The trifling was dissension between high church and low church on forms of church service.]

"Wapping Workhouse." *The Uncommercial Traveller.*

* * * * * *

THE LACK OF PLANNING.

New neighbourhoods "come into existence just as it may happen; overthrowing the trees, blotting out the face of the country, huddling together labyrinths of odious little streets of vilely constructed houses; heaping ugliness upon ugliness, inconvenience upon inconvenience, dirt upon dirt, and contagion upon contagion."

"An Unsettled Neighbourhood." *Miscellaneous Papers.*

* * * * * *

LOCAL GOVERNMENT REFORM.

"Our Vestry shines habitually. In asserting its own pre-eminence, for instance, it is very strong . . . It will be clamorous to know whether it is to be 'dictated to,' or 'trampled on,' or 'ridden over roughshod.' Its great watchword is Self-government. That is to say, supposing our Vestry to favour any little harmless disorder like Typhus Fever and supposing the Government of the country to be, by any accident, in such ridiculous hands as that any of its authorities should consider it a duty to object to Typhus Fever—obviously an unconstitutional objection—then our Vestry cuts in with a terrible manifesto about Self-government, and claims its independent right to have as much Typhus Fever as pleases itself."

"Our Vestry." *Reprinted Pieces.*

* * * * * *

SLAUGHTER OF CHILDREN under the protection of the Authorities, 1849. [Written of children under the Poor Law. Applicable to the slaughter on the roads to-day.]

"If the . . . Law, as it stands, be not efficient for the prevention of such nhuman evils, let it be now rendered more efficient. If it has unfortunately happened, though by no man's deliberate intention or malignity—as who can doubt it has?—that the children of sundry poor men and women have been carried to untimely graves, who might have lived and thriven, let there be seen a resolute determination that the like shall never happen any more . . .

[Let us not] waste the occasion in play with foolscap and red tape . . . and responsibility, and non-responsibility, and divided responsibility, and powers and clauses and sections and chapters, until the remedy is crushed to pieces in a mill of words. . . . [This] will be to swell the mischief to an extent that is incalculable."

"The Tooting Farm." *Miscellaneous Papers.*

* * * * * *

RAILWAY STRIKES.

"To the public, we would submit, that the steadiness and patriotism of English workmen may, in the long run, be safely trusted; and that this mistake, once remedied, may be calmly dismissed. It is natural, in the first hot reception of such a menace, to write letters to newspapers, urging strong-handed legislation, or the enforcement of pains and penalties, past, present or to come, on such deserters from their posts. But, it is not agreeable, on calmer reflection, to contemplate the English artisan as working under a curb or yoke, or even as being supposed to require one. His spirit is of the highest; his nature is of the best. He comes of a great race, and his character is famous in the world. If a false step on the part of any man should be generously forgotten, it should be forgotten in him" . . .

". . . We must deny the moral right or justification of the skilled Railway servants to exert the immense power they accidentally possess to the public detriment and danger.

. . . . . .

"We firmly believe that these are honest men—as honest men as the world can produce. But, we believe, also, that they have not well considered what it is that they do. They are laboriously and constantly employed; and it is the habit of many men, so engaged, to allow other men to think for them. These deputy-thinkers are not the most judicious order of intellects. They are something quick at grievances. . . . They are not always, perhaps, the best workmen. They are, sometimes, not workmen at all, but designing persons, who have, for the r own base purposes, enmeshed the workmen in a system of tyranny and oppression . . .

"Let the workmen consider

"'First, what is my duty to the public, who are, after all, my chief employers? Secondly, what is my duty to my fellow-workmen of all denominations: not only here, upon this Railway, but all over England?'"

"Railway Strikes." *Miscellaneous Papers.*

* * * * * *

STRIKES IN ESSENTIAL INDUSTRIES.

[The facts suggest that] "there is some little thing wanting in the relations between the working people and their employers, which neither political economy nor Drum-head proclamation writing will altogether supply, and which we cannot too soon or too temperately unite in trying to find out."

. . . . . .

"Masters right, or men right; masters wrong, or men wrong; there is certain ruin to both in the continuance and frequent revival of this breach. And from the ever-widening circle of their decay, what drop in the social ocean shall be free?"

"On Strike." *Miscellaneous Papers.*

* * * * * *

FLYING.

"When Don Diego—I forget his name—the inventor of the last new Flying Machines . . . shall have taken out a patent for the Queen's dominions, and shall have opened a commodious Warehouse in an airy situation; and when all persons of any gentility will keep at least a pair of wings, and be seen skimming about in every direction; I shall take a flight to Paris (as I soar round the world) in a cheap and independent manner. At present, my reliance is on the S.E.R. Company . . ."

"A Flight." *Reprinted Pieces.*

THE EXPERT

By FRANK STAFF

"I am Sir Oracle,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."—"Merchant of Venice."

"AH, here is Mr. Staff, he is sure to know. Mr. Staff; a general knowledge question in a Sunday paper asks—in which of the Dickens novels does the character of Fanny Cleaver appear?"

Now, had the lady questioner asked me for the number of the taxi-cab that had brought me to the house; or, to be honest, the number of the conductor of the omnibus that had just set me down at the corner of the street, I should have given it without hesitation; it would have been wrong, and they could not have verified its correctness. But here was a question the answer to which could be verified, and therefore called for veracity; so I promptly answered "I do not know." A gasp of amazement from the Company, for had I not proudly boasted of my Dickens education, having started at the early age of 6, and now at the age of—well, at my age, all Dickens's writings should be "open print" to me.

I was a constant visitor to the house of my Grandparents as a child, and my Aunt Fanny had been a subscriber to the Household Edition, issued in parts, in monthly parts, I believe. These parts were stored in an attic with a treasure-box of door-knobs, clock-wheels, an old clock with the inside missing; bars of mottled soap, Christmas Annuals with coloured pictures, box of beads and oddments once the property of my Aunt Emma Maud; various books, including one entitled "Tales Told by Twilight," with a thrill and shiver on every page; a silhouette of Grandfather Martin on his wedding day, very comic. In short, a delicious room. The Dickens parts, however, were my favourite items. I could read fairly well at an early age, skipping the long words, goggling the pictures, and enjoying it all immensely.

As a schoolboy of 12, I tackled the books in a more intelligent and methodical manner, read and re-read the Novels, and you may imagine my chagrin when I realised that my reputation as a Dickens oracle slumped when I had to confess my ignorance of Fanny Cleaver.

Had they said Jenny Wren, or the daughter of Mr. Dolls, all would have been well. With little effort I discovered Fanny in *Our Mutual Friend*, read a chunk out of the middle, then the beginning and lastly the end.

This preamble raises an interesting point; I am sure that a number of Dickens experts would come a cropper at the first fence, if they came to be examined on certain remote Dickens characters.

Take Inspector Wield, for example. "Oh, no," says Mr. Know-everything, "you mean, Inspector Field—*Reprinted Pieces*—On duty with Inspector Field." "Oh, no, I do not; I mean Inspector Wield—*Reprinted Pieces*; *The Detective Police*." And, by the way, this detective might be a twin brother of Detective Bucket, as they have many mannerisms in common.

I now await questions on the identity of Vuffin, General Conway, Pruffle, Mrs. Brandley, Mr. Wobbler, and Richard Babley, as I have looked them up, and am ready, fearlessly.

A popular feature in Radio has made the lot of a writer and speaker very much easier. Should he slip up on his facts, and is tackled by a quick-eared listener, he can always say, smilingly, "Ah, that was my deliberate mistake."

LONDON CALLING

By W. H. LOWRY

THIS is London calling ! If my experience goes for anything it calls with a voice sometimes seductive, sometimes clamant, and sometimes romantic to our good American friends and Allies. For the past year I have been engaged for two or three days a week showing members of the American Forces the " High Lights " of London on behalf of the English-Speaking Union which is doing so much to cement Anglo-American friendship.

At the beginning I had to " sense " my way as the little group I took out might have diverse interests, and careful observation had to be kept to see in what they were particularly interested. Most people, for instance, were fairly well acquainted with the novels of Dickens, and one or two have had a thorough-going knowledge of the subject that has compared favourably with many of ourselves, and it has, of course, always been a great pleasure to take a special Dickens tour. Living as we do, almost on top of many of the scenes of the novels, you cannot, unless you have seen it, appreciate the thrill of one who has loved Dickens at a distance of a few thousand miles and then finds himself on the spot with the guide saying " There is a repose about Lant Street in the Borough . . ." Or again, to go through Gray's Inn recalling Mr. Perker, Mr. Phunky and Tommy Traddles, although here one friend stood before the statue of Bacon and said : " Gosh, he's the man who might have written Shakespeare ! "

But, of course, the tours are designed to be of general interest, and it is really surprising how much of London can be shown in three hours with careful planning and careful timing. I have always preferred using public vehicles only, and if my group do not mind walking we can see a great deal in the time. I try to learn and tell all I can of places connected with well-known Americans, such, for instance, as St. Dunstan's in the West, the Middle Temple, St. Bartholomew the Great, All Hallows by the Tower, and many others. If time and weather permit an ascent is made to the Stone Gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral, whence so many places can be seen and so much of London's history recalled.

But the crowning effect is kept until the last—Parliament Square ! which epitomizes English history and tradition. The Houses of Parliament, Westminster Hall, recalling its famous trials and grim old Oliver Cromwell, who was there installed as Lord Protector, and after the Restoration had his head exposed outside ; Old Palace yard where was beheaded Sir Walter Raleigh, so closely connected with America's early history, and St. Margaret's Church, where his body was taken, and finally, Westminster Abbey, the heart of England.

Here our friends like to have stories of those great men who are buried or remembered in the Abbey, and whose names are illustrious in the annals of the sea, the army, in statecraft, and in art. Foremost among the latter is Charles Dickens, who left so indelible a mark upon London. Then to sit for a while near the Altar and recall stories of the Coronation of Kings and Queens and particularly of the present occupants of the Throne.

It is hard work ; one has to be constantly refurbishing one's information, but one is more than compensated in the kindly appreciation shown by our friends from " Over there." It was very gratifying to hear it expressed on one occasion as we came out of the Abbey : " Now I understand what the English tradition means."

I have made very many friends and hope to renew acquaintance with some of them if I am able to make my projected trip to America when conditions permit.

NAMES AND LABELS

By KENTLEY BROMHILL

A WELL-WORN theme has recently cropped up again: a letter to "The Times" in January enquired the significance of the name Toppit, owned by one of the Literary Ladies presented to Elijah Pogram in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and elicited a guess that Toppit referred to that lady's "brown wig of uncommon size." Another guess was that the name should be Toopit derived from *Toupet* in allusion to the same wig. This set me thinking that the extraordinary facility shewn by Dickens in the naming of his characters might be worth recalling. I also began mentally to trace the practice back to the times long before Dickens. My list makes no pretence at anything like completeness, as it only mentions the names that occur to me as I sit by the fire away from books of reference.

The practice is a very, very old one, and although it was by no means universal, many of the novelists and dramatists from the eighteenth century onwards labelled their characters with names indicating their natures. We have become so familiar with these names that we accept them as authentic and not fictional.

This giving fictional persons symbolic names seems to be an inheritance from the old Religious Drama—the Morality plays such as "Everyman," in which the characters are not disguised in any way. When we consider English writers of fiction we can go back as far as Shakespeare: even he did not disdain the use of symbolic names: Speed for a servant; Sir Oliver Martext for a vicar; Shallow for a justice; these are elementary and rather naive, but here is the stroke of genius: Shylock for a Jewish usurer, and Gobbo for a clown.

In Bunyan's "The Pilgrim's Progress" all the characters without exception bear the plainest of labels: Mr. Sagacious, Mrs. Timorous, Money-Love, Talkative, Greatheart, and the like. This style was well-suited to an allegory; Bunyan made no claim to be a *literary* man, he only followed the pattern of the earlier allegories—Everyman, etc.

Oliver Goldsmith gives the gorgeous name of Tony Lumpkin to a clumsy and mischievous practical joker. Richardson coins the name of Grandison for his aristocrat. Sheridan creates Surface where Dickens would have used Veneering; then there are Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mrs. Malaprop and Lydia Languish, and Sir Fretful Plagiary.

We get from Sterne Corporal Trim, the methodically neat henchman of Uncle Toby. Smollett is happy in his names, Tom Pipes, Commodore Trunnion, Peregrine Pickle, and Roderick Random. Marryat takes the line of least resistance by giving his heroes such easily chosen names as Peter Simple, Jacob Faithful, Masterman Ready, and Midshipman Easy.

There is a certain pawky Scottish humour in Sir Walter Scott's inventions, for surely no human being could convincingly wear such names as Suddlechop for a barber, or Raredrench for an apothecary, or Mumblazen for a herald, or Mucklewrath or Poundtext for itinerant preachers, or Buskbody for a dressmaker. Scott must have made them up as he went along, perhaps with a quiet chuckle.

And I must not omit two heroes at one time very popular (perhaps I ought to say best-sellers) but now almost forgotten: Valentine Vox, the ventriloquist, and Verdant Green, the Oxford freshman.

Trollope occasionally used symbolic names like Proudie, Slope, and Quiverful, all in one book.

Thackeray and Dickens appear to have been more artistic, discerning and suggestive than others in their use of labels. We find in Thackeray names like Dobbin for the steady-going captain, Sharp for the quick-

witted lady, and Sedley for the quieter one, Heavyside for the large young officer, and Honeyman for him of suave and quiet speech, while Sir George Tufto represents a well-known type.

Dickens brings to a fine art the choice of names. If he can find a natural name he will use it: for instance, Knight Bell for a surgeon; it was Mr. Tuggs who took his family to Ramsgate there to meet Captain Waters; Alderman Cute suits that gentleman to a nicety; Sparkins well describes that sprightly counter-jumper; and no undertaker could be more appropriately named than Mr. Mould.

If Dickens cannot find the natural name he promptly invents such lovely concoctions as Spottletoe, Sweedlepipe, Chuzzlewit, Tattycoram (very kindly translated), MacStinger, Tulrumble, Murdstone, Pecksniff, Swiveller . . . dear me, the names seem to crowd upon me as I write and I must omit many others. Dickens's lively invention enables him to express so much—whole sermons sometimes—in one word. Mantalini for a dressmaker, giving her name a foreign twist in accordance with fashion, to attract custom; Gride or Scrooge for miserly old men; Crackitt for a burglar; and so on.

Forster found among Dickens's papers lists of "available names" culled from Government records, shop-fronts and other sources, and from this list he had made use of some names, but apparently even this list would fail him and he would invent a descriptive name like Crisparkle or Honeythunder. This faculty of labelling the character with a fitting name is probably part of the secret of the hold Dickens's gallery of portraits has on all who read him with any attention; the respective characters become types and the oddity and humour of the label is lost in its significance.

I feel that I must say something about the wealth of symbolic names in *Bleak House*, the book we have been reading and specially thinking about this year. I leave to the reader to decide whether the name is natural or concocted.

Vholes: does not this word recall a burrowing water-rat? *Bagnet* for a soldier merely reproduces phonetically the ordinary soldier's pronunciation of bayonet; *Krook* might easily have been a receiver of stolen goods, and perhaps if his story had been fully told his junk-shop contained the proceeds of many a petty theft; *Jarndyce* is a quibble for jaundice brought on by the disappointing delays in the law; *Flite* is a respelling of flighty for the poor light-headed litigant; *Boythorne* just expresses the boyish boisterous humour of Landor; *Skimpole* is a word incapable of exact explanation, but highly suggestive of the hand-to-mouth existence of Leigh Hunt; *Chadband*, even without reading the book one can visualise a bland oily individual of some religious persuasion wearing the clerical "bands"; *Jellyby*, what a name for an utterly undomesticated woman and her distraught husband—Jellyby fits them both like a glove; *Smallweed* is perfect for a little-minded, wizened little man mentally and physically; Dedlock, the omission of the "a" is masterly, still leaving the word thoroughly descriptive of the deadly splendour of Chesney Wold; *Turveydrop*, another of the unexplanable Skimpole-type words—it exudes deportment in every syllable; *Weevle* is exactly the kind of nickname that his friends would give to a man who slept in market-gardens. Even now the list is not exhausted of the carefully chosen names in this fascinating book, but I have said enough to encourage readers to discover for themselves the hidden meaning of Tulkinghorn, Bucket, Snagsby, Gridley, and the rest; Caddy as a "pet-name" for Caroline seems to envisage a tea-making little housewife.

All these fugitive thoughts scamper through my mind, but I hope they may induce readers of Dickens to pause for a moment to consider this aspect of his work.

MRS. DICKENS, DIETITIAN

NOT many Dickensians are aware that Mrs. Charles Dickens published a Cookery Book. That is not surprising for copies of it are extremely rare and they do not bear her name.

Dame Una Pope-Hennessy has written a most attractive account of it which appears in the Winter Number of "Wine and Food."

When, in 1851 Dickens took his wife to the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, he visited the fashionable restaurant of M. Alexis Soyer, the famous ex-chef of the Reform Club, established at Gore House, formerly the residence of his friends Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay. Readers of the recent "Life of George Augustus Sala" by Ralph Straus, will remember that that versatile man was called to produce some amusing mural caricatures of celebrities which played no small part in attracting the fashionable world.

In contrast to the extremely frugal fare provided within the Exhibition, where no cooking was permitted, the cuisine at this unique establishment was of a definitely elaborate order and Mrs. Dickens, encouraged by M. Soyer's example, decided to collect and print some of her own Bills of Fare and Recipes.

The result was a slender duodecimo issued by her husband's publishers, Bradbury and Evans, in 1851, entitled:

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER?
Satisfactorily answered by numerous
Bills of Fare
for from two to eighteen persons,
by Lady Maria Clutterbuck.

A second edition appeared in 1852.

Dame Una does not suggest it, but probably the pseudonym was suggested to Mrs. Dickens by a character she had acted the previous January at Rockingham Castle: Lady Clutterbuck in "Used Up."

The book opens with a somewhat ponderous introduction about Lady Maria and her deceased elderly spouse to whose gastronomic requirements she had assiduously ministered with such success that she determined to share its secrets with the world by publishing this collection of menus.

The menus themselves make astonishing reading in these rationed times but they would astonish hardly less were the blessings of peace still with us. As Dame Una truly comments, the Victorians were great in many ways and not least in their appetite for food.

Many peculiarities of taste that sound odd indeed nowadays emerge from these pages. For instance, cods' heads were served with soles and smelts with turbot, while dressed crab adorns the end of a meal as a savoury. Another extraordinary feature is the frequency with which a long, elaborate and heavy meal would be concluded with toasted cheese, than which it would surely be difficult to suggest anything more indigestible.

Dame Una quotes a recipe for Asparagus Soup which cries aloud for quotation: "Take two quarts of good beef or veal broth, four onions, two turnips, some sweet herbs, the white part of a hundred asparagus. Let them all simmer till sufficiently tender to be rubbed through a tammy, which is not an easy matter if they be not very young, then strain and season. Have ready the boiled tops of the asparagus and half a dozen eggs, poached rather hard. Boil three-quarts of clear gravy soup, put into it for a minute or two a fowl just roasted and add a few tarragon leaves and season with a little salt. Put the eggs and the asparagus quite hot into the tureen and pour the soup over them without breaking. The fowl will be just as good

as before for made dishes." A far cry from the "Kitchen-front" recipes of Grandma Buggins!

One wonders how Dickens with his delicate health could survive such gargantuan feasts, or is it possible that they were partly responsible for his comparatively early death as a prematurely aged man. We have, however, several records that he was an abstemious drinker, maybe he ate sparingly also, in spite of the fact that his wife apparently *delivered the goods.* L.C.S.

THE COMIC GENIUS OF LONDON

LONDON, the city that has been the theatre of so much world history these past thousand years and is so still, has seldom held a solemn mood for long. Her sons have never taken themselves unduly seriously and are seldom far from laughter. Truly the Genius of London may be considered to have been cast in the Comic Spirit and down the ages found expression through the medium of a cavalcade of great names. Among the greatest was Charles Dickens, whose comic characters are so absorbed into the metropolitan consciousness that they now form part of the very Spirit of London.

From the other and earlier writers who, in their day interpreted London for posterity, Evelyn M. Simpson, in a brilliant essay,* has selected Ben Jonson for comparison with Dickens.

"Rare Ben," despite his reputation, is not yet appreciated for the giant he was. Maybe, however, that day is not far off. London and Stratford-on-Avon have recently seen productions of his work, but lamentably inadequate ones. Is it reasonable to hope that worthy presentations will be seen later which may lead to the study and recognition of these great masterpieces? A few playgoers of twenty years ago, witnessing "The Phoenix" performances, have lively recollections of the prodigious effect they made. For the works of a dramatist, unlike those of a novelist, depend upon a company of skilled interpreters for their full appreciation. Mrs. Simpson truly writes: "Pickwick and Micawber, Sam Weller and Traddles, the Fat Boy, Bob Sawyer, Silas Wegg, Bill Sikes and Fagin, all these are in the true line of descent from Bobadil and Face, Doll Common and Ursula the pig woman. The comic genius of London which had expressed itself to the full in Jonson's plays, reappeared in *Pickwick Papers, Oliver Twist, The Old Curiosity Shop* and *David Copperfield*; Dickens and Jonson had many things in common. Each knew and loved the London of his day, was familiar with its narrow streets, its taverns and eating-houses, its theatres, its shops, its alleys and slums, as well as its noble buildings, its cathedral and its churches. Dickens was fully conscious of the stimulus which he derived from the London streets."

Again: "Dickens . . . is of a kindlier temper than Jonson. His books are full of amiable eccentrics like Pickwick and Micawber, who excite friendly laughter rather than derision. Mr. Micawber, always in difficulties, always hoping for something to turn up, would have seemed to Jonson an unmitigated fool, I fear. Pickwick, our beloved Pickwick, became hopelessly entangled in the celebrated case Bardell *v.* Pickwick, but though we laugh at him, our hearts are with him. Jonson would have given the portrait a slightly more satiric cast, so that a touch of contempt would have lessened our sympathy with him. Jonson's gulls are invariably stripped at last of their feathers and look ugly enough in their nakedness. Dickens is seldom so cruel. Micawber may suffer a temporary imprisonment for debt but he comes out smiling and is even rewarded with a quite unnatural prosperity—in

* "Essays and Studies." The English Association. Vol. XXIX. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

Australia ! Dickens knew that in London Micawber would be led by his own nature from one indignity to another, so he determined to force on him a happy ending at the Antipodes as Wilkins Micawber, District Magistrate of Port Middlebay."

"Jonson and Dickens are alike in their inability to create heroines who should be attractive creatures of flesh and blood. There is no Rosalind, Beatrice or Viola in the comic scene of these writers. . . . Yet both . . . could create subsidiary women characters who genuinely belong to the world of comedy. Jonson has the robust foul-mouthed Doll Common, a fitting accomplice for Subtle and Face and Ursula the pig woman, with her superficial good nature and her sinister association with the pickpockets and their gang. Dickens too . . . Mrs. Gummidge, 'a lone lorn creatur,' always thinking of the 'old 'un.' There is that detestable creature Mrs. Gamp, upheld by the praises of the fictitious Mrs. Harris. There is the majestic Mrs. Wilfer, sublimely conscious of her condescension in having married Mr. Wilfer. Even so minor a character as Mrs. Crupp, who let 'a desirable and compact set of chambers, forming a genteel residence for a young gentleman,' is sketched with unerring hand."

Mrs. Simpson does not overlook the direct influence of Jonson upon Dickens, who himself played Bobadil and got as far as several rehearsals of "The Alchemist," in which he was to have played Sir Epicure Mammon. Stiggins is a direct descendant of Zeal-of-the-Land Busy in *Bartholomew Fair*.

One is tempted to quote and quote from this stimulating essay, finding oneself in complete agreement: "Jonson's influence (on Dickens) was less dominating than Shakespeare's, so that while we can trace a family likeness here and there, the originality of Dickens is abundantly clear. The greatest creator of comic characters since the Elizabethans had no need to borrow from any man. The native genius of English humour flowered in him once again as it had done in Falstaff and Mistress Quickly, in Bobadil and Ursula the pig woman. The differences between Jonson and Dickens are typical of the differences between the Jacobean and the Victorian ages. Jonson is more of a realist than Dickens; he is harder, fiercer, less humane."

Finally: "The London of Dickens was a much larger city than that of Jonson and many of the ancient landmarks had disappeared in the Great Fire. Its outward appearance would have seemed strange indeed to Jonson, but its essential character remains the same. Throughout the centuries London, whatever its population and acreage, has continued to be the heart of England, the centre of its government, commerce and civilization. It is a royal city, ancient yet full of vitality, a magnet which draws to itself the genius of the kingdom. In the plays of Jonson and the novels of Dickens we discern the perennial fascination which London has exercised over the minds of men."

L. C. S.

ILLUSTRATORS' ERRORS

The mistakes of illustrators have been mentioned in *The Dickensian* from time to time; one in the Household Edition of *Dombey and Son*, illustrated by Fred Barnard, in which the train at Euston, due to leave for Birmingham, with Dombey and Old Joey B. on the platform, is labelled "Brighton," already has been pointed out. There is another, although less serious, oversight in the illustration to Chapter XXXII depicting the disagreeable interview between Captain Cuttle and Mr. Carker. The text expressly lays stress on the fact that Mr. Carker kept his hat on, with the obvious intention of intimating that he wanted the interview terminated at the earliest possible moment, as he was annoyed and bored by the Captain; but he is shown wearing no hat.

T. S. L.

"DICKENS'S SENSE OF HOME"

PLANNING is the order of the day, a million houses are to be built in five years to meet the needs of home-coming warriors at the close of the war, and the requirements of our bombed-out population. Many and various are the schemes being promulgated for the benefit of our boys on their return. Houses are necessary. Yes ! but more necessary is the building up of homes and families within the houses.

We of the older generation look back to the time prior to the advent of the motor-car, aeroplane, wireless, and the cinema, when whatever of entertainment we had was found mainly in the family circle : games, singing and music, and many other forms of entertainment devised for ourselves and visiting friends. To-day, easier facilities for travel and the outside attractions of the cinema, dance hall, and other places of amusement, to say nothing of the evacuation of thousands of children from their homes and control of parents, have a tendency to break up family life as we once knew it. King George V once said : "The foundations of National Glory were set in the homes of the people" and if family life is disintegrated what hope is there of maintaining the proud position of supremacy as a Nation we have hitherto held ?

A timely book recently published under the title of "Come Home With Me"—a compilation by Hannen Foss, of fourteen Articles by various authors such as Lord Elton ("The Family and The Nation"), S. L. Bensusan ("The Cottage Home"), Doris Metaxa ("A House With a Home Inside It"), Rev. H. Wallan Bird ("Divine Laws for Family Life"), and other authors dealing with various phases of home-life, should do much to foster the love of home, and it is to be hoped, may have a wide circulation. Did space permit we should like to comment on some of the articles. Amongst the galaxy of contributors is our own Mr. T. W. Hill, whose article on "Dickens's Sense of Home" will make a strong appeal to all Dickensians and calls for some notice in our Magazine. Mr. Hill presents a vivid word-picture of Dickens as a lover of home and family life. His affection for and care of his parents, and the help he afforded his less successful brothers in his more prosperous days, testify to the strong hold the family tie had upon him. "When Dickens married he raised a family of ten children, and put into practice all the domestic virtues of which he wrote so lovingly in his books." Thus Mr. Hill ! and then he goes on to show the intense interest Dickens took in all their childish pleasures and "never wearied playing with them in his hours of leisure." Birthdays, christenings, wedding days and Christmas were all occasions for celebrations by parties of the most jovial character. Nor was the children's spiritual development neglected, and he urged upon them the "wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself and I know the benefit of it." For their instruction he wrote a version of The Gospels called *The Children's New Testament*, never published till 1933, when it appeared under the title of "The Life of Our Lord." Mr. Hill further touches upon the insistence of Dickens on the virtues of tidiness and punctuality and his unbounded hospitality. The importance of Woman and her influence to secure the perfect home-life is also dealt with at some length and is illustrated by a number of allusions to be found in his writings. Much more might be said, but our space is exhausted. You must read the Articles for yourselves. For our part we would that this book* might be placed in the hands of all young people contemplating setting up a home of their own.

A. W. E.

* "Come Home With Me," compiled by Hannan Foss. 15s. Published by The Blandford Press, Ltd.

CHARACTER MAKE-UP—IV. THE FACE

With folds in his cheeks, and his forehead, and his eyelids, and his lips and his ears. MR. BOFFIN, *O.M.F.*, I, 5.

* * *

Had such a prevailing redness of skin, that I sometimes used to wonder whether it was possible she washed herself with a netmeg grater, instead of soap. MRS. GARGERY, *G.E.*, 2.

* * *

Mr. Wopsle, united to a Roman nose and a large shining bald forehead. WOPSLE, *G.E.*, 4

* * *

A large, hard-breathing, middle-aged slow man, with a mouth like a fish. PUMBLECHOOK, *G.E.*, 4.

* * *

His cheek bones were high and prominent; and his jaws were so long and lank, that an observer would have supposed that he was drawing the flesh of his face in, for a moment, by some contraction of the muscles, if his half-opened mouth and immovable expression had not announced that it was his usual appearance. JEM HUTLEY, *P.P.*, 3.

* * *

A little hard-headed, Ripstone-pippin-faced man. MR. MILLER, *P.P.*, 6.

* * *

An elderly, pimply-faced, vegetable-diet sort of man. MR. FOGG, *P.P.*, 20.

* * *

A red-haired man with an inquisitive nose and blue spectacles, . . . with a bird-like habit of giving his head a jerk every time he said anything. MR. MAGNUS, *P.P.*, 22.

* * *

A fat, flabby pale man . . . His forehead was narrow, his face wide, his head large, and his nose all on one side, as if Nature, indignant with the propensities she observed in him in his birth, had given it an angry tweak which it had never recovered. SOLOMON PELL, *P.P.*, 43.

* * *

Quite a dwarf, though his head and face were large enough for the body of a giant . . . What added most to the grotesque expression of his face, was a ghastly smile, which, appearing to be the mere result of habit, and to have no connexion with any mirthful or complacent feeling, constantly revealed the few discoloured fangs that were yet scattered in his mouth, and gave him the aspect of a panting dog. QUILP, *O.C.S.*, 2.

* * *

A tall, meagre man, with a nose like a wen, a protruding forehead, retreating eyes, and hair of a deep red. SAMPSON BRASS, *O.C.S.*, 11.

A burly, large headed man with a fat face, which betokened profound obstinacy and slowness of apprehension, combined with a very strong reliance upon his own merits. JOHN WILLETT, *B.R.*, 1.

* * *

A pink-faced, crisp-looking gentleman, with a weak voice, white teeth, light hair, and surprised eyes. BAYHAM BADGER, *B.H.*, 13.

* * *

A fat old gentleman with a false complexion, false teeth, false whiskers and a wig. MR. TURVEYDROP, *B.H.*, 14.

* * *

A large yellow man, with a fat smile, and a general appearance of having a good deal of train oil in his system. MR. CHADBAND, *B.H.*, 19.

* * *

A little man, with a face all crushed together, who appears, from a certain blue and speckled appearance that one of his cheeks presents, to have been blown up, in the way of business, at some odd time or times. PHIL SQUOD, *B.H.*, 21.

* * *

He had a bald head, highly polished . . . and a chin so very double that it was a wonder how he ever managed to shave into the creases. DR. BLIMBER, *D. & S.*, 11.

* * *

He was a hook-nosed man, and with that and his bright eyes and his ruffled head, bore a certain likeness to a roused bird of prey. GAFFER HEXAM, *O.M.F.* I, 1.

* * *

She was about eight-and-twenty, with large bones, large features, large feet and hands, large eyes, and no hair. Her face was not exceedingly ugly, though it was only redeemed from being so by a smile; a good-natured smile, and pleasant in itself, but rendered pitiable by being constantly there. MAGGY, *L.D.*, I, 9.

* * *

A tall hard-favoured sinewy old woman, who in her youth might have enlisted in the Foot Guards without much idea of discovery. AFFERY, *L.D.*, I, 3.

* * *

A little keen-eyed crab-like old man. His neck was so twisted, that the knotted ends of his white cravat usually dangled under one ear . . . and altogether he had a weird appearance of having hanged himself at one time or other, and of having gone about, ever since, halter and all, exactly as some timely hand had cut him down. JEREMIAH FLINTWINCH, *L.D.*, I, 3.

* * *

A youngish, sallowish gentleman in spectacles, with a lumpy forehead . . . delivered himself of all that he found behind his lumps. THE FRENCH VISITOR, *O.M.F.*, I, 11.

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

AUTHORS AND CRITICS

" Professor Elton agrees with George Gissing in finding in Falstaff, as in Sairey Gamp (who also, in her swindling and other professional misdemeanours, is certainly not pretending), the same perfect method of idealism put to use in converting to a source of pleasure things that in life repel or nauseate, and in both cases the sublimation . . . is effected by a humour which seems unsurpassable."

" In Falstaff's ' degeneration ' one sees better cause for complaint. But the case is like that of Harold Skimpole in *Bleak House*. He is another imposter, sponger, and dead-beat, who repays his creditors or benefactors not even in the coin of gratitude but of wit, not with goodness but good humour. He too degenerates, taking bribes from Vholes and from Bucket, and betraying the boy Toughey in his hiding-place, thus playing false with his own protector, Jarndyce. Also he defends himself like Falstaff with frivolous ingenuities and sophistries. Now though his record has not the advantage of a poet's pen, and though, on the other hand, it is by no means so dirty as Sir John's, yet as it darkens and sullies, the critics here too rebel. And that is somewhat because, like the Morganns,* they have winked at the rascality or explained it away. Like them they have sentimentalized it. This story is a Rake's Progress ; yet so is Falstaff's ; and Shakespeare, Hogarth, and Dickens are akin.

[Chapter XVI is entitled " Heroes and Villains : Shakespeare, Middleton, Byron, Dickens," and Chapter XVIII, " Psychoanalysis in Criticism : Dickens, Kipling, Joyce."]

" In Dickens and Kipling both, according to the Freudian formula, their boyhood is all-important—the debtors' prison where Dickens's father lay, and the blacking-factory where the boy worked, in the one case, and the rigorous and narrow-minded relatives with whom Kipling and his sister lived, in the other. And no doubt these ' painful experiences ' did leave their mark upon both the man and his writing, though whether so deep or (to our fallible eyes) so discernible the reader must judge. As indeed most of us do, Mr. Wilson discovers [in ' The Wound and the Bow ' (Houghton, 1941)] what he was looking for ; and Sophocles, for us all, had no boyhood.

" Because of his past and his poverty, Dickens is, for Mr. Wilson, a sort of Ishmaelite in the Victorian world : by his interest in villainy (which, however, is not explained, and by his conjugal difficulties, which are not, either) he is doubly so ; and here the Freudian psychology is again at work, though more apparently in the novelist's latter days. His public readings of Bill Sikes's murder of Nancy are an example. ' Dickens obviously derived from thus horrifying his hearers some sort of satisfaction ' (p. 95). A sort of sadism, it would appear ; and ' the scene was perhaps a symbolical representation [Freudian phrase !] of his behaviour in banishing his wife.' This is rather extraordinary, even with the ' perhaps ' and for all that we nowadays see in the newspapers about ' mental cruelty.' May not his ' satisfaction ' have been no more than that of most successful readers or actors, in the biggest response he got ? In any case, Mr. Wilson dwells unduly on the reading as ' an obsessive hallucination,' for Dickens was now no longer quite himself. The performances began in October, 1868 ; in June 1870 he died.

" Likewise, the critic makes too much of *Edwin Drood*, the ' sinister '

* Maurice Morgann was an eighteenth century essayist on Falstaff.

detective story, his last and unfinished work. Cut off, now, from society by his separation from his wife and his taking up with Ellen Ternan, Dickens ' has discarded the theme of the rebel and is carrying the theme of the criminal . . . to its logical development.' The choir-master who murders his nephew is, according to the Freudian formula again, the author in disguise. An artist, smoking opium, he leads a life of imagination apart from men. Is he a villain too ?

> ' . . . All that sentiment, all those edifying high spirits, which Dickens has been dispensing so long, . . . has all this now grown as false as those hymns to the glory of the Christian God which are performed by the worshipper of Kali ? . . . But it will not be the innocent Pickwick [etc.] whom we are now to meet in jail ; nor yet the wicked Fagin, Dennis, or Rudge. It will be a man who is both innocent and wicked [paradoxes again !] . . . the old hierarchy of England . . . has made him accept the ruling that he is a creature irretrievably tainted ; and the mercantile middle-class England has had its triumph, too. For the Victorian hypocrite has developed—from Pecksniff, through Murdstone, through Headstone, to his final transformation in Jasper— . . . into an insoluble moral problem which is identified with Dickens's own ' (pp. 101-3).

Like ' symbolical,' ' identified ' is a Freudian word. ' When Jasper announces . . . that he devotes himself to the destruction of the murderer he is preparing for his own execution . . . So Dickens, in putting his nerves to the torture by enacting the murder of Nancy . . . has been invoking his own death ' (p. 103). Did he, then, want to die ? Did he think himself hypocritical or tainted ?

" From a social outcast—the Marshalsea and the blacking !—to the moral ! And still it is the social ! How Dickens himself and this temporary ' hierarchy ' get into the story, is beyond my understanding ; and most Freudian identifications, as we shall see, are more complimentary to the self involved."—" From Shakespeare to Joyce," by Elmer E. Stoll. (Doubleday, Doran.)

* * * * *

BATH

" The last phase in the social history of Bath is the visit of Mr. Pickwick, who was received by Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Master of the Ceremonies. Charles Dickens does full justice to the occasion : ' Mr. Pickwick,' said Dowler, ' my friend, Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esquire, M.C. Bantam, Mr. Pickwick. Know each other.' ' Welcome to Ba-ath, sir. This is indeed an acquisition. Most welcome to Ba-ath, sir. It is long, very long, Mr. Pickwick, since you drank the waters. It appears an age, Mr. Pickwick. Re-markable ! ' Such were the expressions with which Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esquire, M.C., took Mr. Pickwick's hand ; retaining it in the meantime, and shrugging up his shoulders with a constant succession of bows, as if he really could not make up his mind to the trial of letting it go again. ' It is a very long time since I drank the waters, certainly,' replied Mr. Pickwick, ' for, to the best of my knowledge, I was never here before.' This was followed by a visit to the Assembly Rooms, where Mr. Pickwick played his celebrated game of whist. But the scene is one of vanished splendour, and an anonymous poet of this period might well lament :

> ' No seats for peeresses are now appointed,
> But rank and title are all disjointed.
> And ev'ry upstart whom Great Nash has humbled
> With dukes and princes, counts and lords, is jumbled.' "

——" Bath," by R. A. L. Smith. (Batsford.)

G. G. COULTON REMINISCES

" Our Grammar School of the 'sixties bore still certain unregenerate Dotheboys characteristics. Mrs. White served clammy and cloying treacle puddings before the meat. The usher had not the full privileges of humanity ; he could not rely on White to back him up. I remember one scene, disgusting even to those of us who, by nature, looked upon all masters as natural enemies. A dead cat had been thrown over the wall by some neighbour, and it lay near the schoolroom door. The usher, Mr. Wallis, stood by to watch us go in. William Gamlyn, the school pugilist, picked the corpse up and flung it in Wallis's face. The victim only said : " Gamlyn, you are no gentleman ! " It was practically Steerforth and the usher in *David Copperfield*, but on an even more sordid scale.

The Upper Fourth and Lower Fifth at Felsted were taken by A. W. Rowe. He was an excellent disciplinarian, with that unshaven upper lip and abundant dark beard which gave a suggestion of iron will even to an ordinary face. He reminded me of Mr. Murdstone in *David Copperfield*.

After twenty-seven years of uninterrupted success, Harper resigned [the headmastership of Sherborne] for the Principalship of Jesus College, Oxford. One characteristic incident of his Headmastership may be recorded here. The celebrated actor Macready took a house at Sherborne (Dickens often stayed with him, and there picked up the names of Minifie [sic] and Guppy for his novels) . . .

" [A. E.] Housman and Harker of St. John's, one year his junior, met first at a Commemoration Feast in St. John's Hall when each, as events proved, had only one year or so to live. I was curious to see how this chance collocation would work ; for Harker was one of the most taciturn of men. I could only see their backs ; but that was enough ; it was plain from first to last that each had entered into the spirit of the occasion : ' 'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all.' One could see that there was no more talkative pair in the whole assembly. Next day I asked Harker what so inspiring subject they had found in common. He answered in one word, ' Dickens.' "—" Fourscore Years," by G. G. Coulton. (Cambridge Univ. Press.)

* * * * *

THE ENGLISH FAMILY

" But every step taken to turn the hovel into a house was a step to turn it into a home. The unsuspected and unnoticed result of the changes spread over a century was to liberate the forces that make the family, overlaid but never destroyed among the ' working classes ' in the blackest years of degradation. The novels of Dickens reveal the light burning shyly in the darkest places before the era of reforms had begun, as the novels of Thackeray show that wealth and selfishness could be even more fatal to all that preserves the virtues of the family than poverty or starvation."—" The Family and the State," by W. F. Lofthouse. (Epworth Press.)

* * * * *

OHIO

" Columbus . . . Charles Dickens wrote in 1842 that the town was ' clean and pretty.'

Dickens told of a traveller at Upper Sandusky who was so annoyed by the bugs in his bed at the log inn that during the night he fled to the stage-coach outside. But there, ' the pigs scenting him, and looking upon the coach as a kind of pie with some manner of meat inside, grunted round it so hideously that he was afraid to come out again, and lay there shivering till morning.' . . . In May, Charles Dickens and his wife stopped for the night at Upper Sandusky and

found shelter ' at the log Inn, which was the only house of entertainment in the place.'

During the decade of the 'forties and until superior railroad competition proved disastrous to their prosperity—after 1856—the commodious and sometimes luxurious river packets were convenient means of transportation, not only for prominent visitors such as Charles Dickens and his wife, but likewise for tens of thousands of ordinary citizens.

In the larger towns some of the young men and women read the works of Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Carlyle, Charles Dickens, and Charlotte Brontë, as well as those of such American authors as Ralph Waldo Emerson and George Bancroft. . . . Many fairly prosperous families both in town and country spent part of the long winter evenings around the fireplace, the mother knitting while the father or daughter read aloud from one of Dickens's novels.

Obscure western authors, however deserving, were overshadowed by the prestige and popularity of Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow and the other vaunted names of New and old England.

" ' As long ago as the first visit of Charles Dickens to this country,' wrote Charles Dudley Warner of Cincinnati after a tour of the West, ' it was distinguished as a town of refinement as well as cultivation.'

" Purchases made by the Ohio State Library and by the librarians of the various penal and corrective institutions throughout the State reveal what professional librarians considered worth while, and certain Ohioans, at least, were obliged to read. In 1880, reform school boys had access, it seems, only to standard works, such as Dickens, Irving, Bancroft and Macaulay."—" The History of the State of Ohio," ed. by Carl Wittke. Vols. 3-5. (Ohio State Archaeol. and Hist. Soc.)

* * * * *

GIDEON WELLES

" The Postmaster [Gideon Welles] and his wife stood among the cultural elite of Hartford. On February 10, 1842, they were hosts to Charles Dickens, then on a lecture tour, and the famous author inscribed for them as a memento :

' A Family Party
Oliver Twist
Mrs. Nickleby
Mr. Pickwick
Samuel Weller
Master Humphrey
Barnaby Rudge
Little Nell
and
Charles Dickens
All at Hartford, Tenth February 1842.' "

——" Gideon Welles, Lincoln's Navy Department," by R. S. West, Jun. (Bobbs-Merrill.)

* * * * *

BEAUTY'S PURSUIT

" Daylight itself can be too great a distraction—not alone the sounds of the daytime. There have been innumerable authors who, like the youthful Dickens, could do their best work at night, which might have been merely an extension of the confined space idea. But it was sometimes more than that. One author confessed to me that he could work by day only after he had drawn heavy curtains and lit the gas.

"Admittedly these instances may be explained away as habits, and Dickens certainly induced the contrary habit in his hours of work. But the habit of working under conditions of extrinsic beauty has also to be acquired by conscious effort."—"A Printer and his World," by A. J. Corrigan. (Faber.)

* * * * *

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

"There is also the difficulty that the clearest knowledge of what needs to be done does not carry with it the knowledge of how to do it. Dickens describes our governing classes as perfect masters of the art of How Not To Do It. But then, thinking themselves very well off as they are, they do not want to do it.

"For vivid sketches of what the Party System comes to in practice nowadays, turn to the description of it in . . . *Bleak House*, and more thoroughly in . . . *Little Dorrit*, both written by Charles Dickens, ex-reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons and on the hustings.

". . . government by Parliaments modelled on the British Party System, far from being a guarantee of liberty and enlightened progress, must be ruthlessly discarded in the very fullest agreement with Oliver Cromwell, Charles Dickens, John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Adolf Hitler, Pilsudski, Benito Mussolini, Stalin, and everyone else who has tried to govern efficiently and incorruptly by it, or who has studied its operation with a knowledge of its history and that of the Industrial Revolution. . . . Nevertheless the parliamentary growth must not be pulled up by the roots. Stalin and Hitler, the most thoroughgoing disciples of Cromwell and Dickens in this matter, are also the most convinced that government can make no great change until a long propaganda and inculcation of its principles and hopes has persuaded the mass of the people, if not to understand them critically, at least to follow the flags and echo the catchwords of its advocates.

". . . the parents' circle may be one in which their children, or some of them, are so hopelessly misclassed that their success in life depends on their extricating themselves from it completely. Abraham Mendelssohn found himself unfortunate in being the father of a famous composer and the son of a famous theologian. Dickens's father could hardly have been at home with Maclise, Stanfield, Macready, and the bevy of celebrities of which his son was the centre. Dickens's daughter told me that she could imagine nothing more dreadful than the lot of a man of genius in an entirely commonplace household.

"When the American Revolution claimed the right to carry arms for everybody, it was grossly abused by the sort of American typified by Dickens in Mr. Hannibal Chollop, who will finally oblige the American Governments to forbid anyone to carry a pistol just as the Italian Government was forced long ago to forbid any Italian to carry a stiletto.

". . . in the preparatory and privileged schools of the plutocracy and their middle-class imitations we still treat every pupil as a potential Admiral Crichton. Dickens, in *Dombey and Son*, made us weep over the death of poor little overworked Dombey at his preparatory school; but it would have done us no harm to think a bit harder about the tragedy of Toots at the same institution, which only made us laugh. Toots was an unfortunate boy who, being rich, had his mind destroyed by a senseless attempt to make him a classical scholar and Latin poet: a destiny infinitely remote from his aptitude and capacity.

"It is not the ability for money-making that is rare, but the taste and the selfishness for it. It would be ridiculous to imply that Lawrence of Arabia could not have done the work of a merchant or money-lender; yet he deliberately chose the lowest rank in the Air

Force as a means of livelihood to high command, diplomacy, or literature. Shakespeare handled his money capably enough; but he made it by turning bad plays into better at the risk of making them too good for his audiences. Dickens, in his last complete book, made a character, narrow and mean and greedy and cowardly enough to think of nothing but how to make money for himself, become much richer than the better citizens for whom money making was only an irksome necessity." —"Everybody's Political What's What?" By Bernard Shaw. (Constable.)

* * * * *

"During the time I was compelled to lie on a couch I read 'Ivanhoe' to myself, and my mother read me *The Pickwick Papers*, and I edited a manuscript magazine 'for private circulation.' My father contributed two articles, one on the result of reading 'Ivanhoe' and *Pickwick* at the same time. I only remember one sentence of this when Rowena Wardle was made to say, 'La, Mr Templar! You make me all of a tremble!'

". . . I read much of Scott, Dickens and Thackeray—I discovered Thackeray for myself and thought him far above Dickens!"—"Memories of George Gilbert Armstrong." (Unwin.)

* * * * *

"The charity visitor, whose business it was to delve into the private lives of those who happened to be in need, became a detested figure. Dickens caricatured the type in Mrs. Pardiggle of *Bleak House*."—"Poverty and Progress in New Zealand," by W. B. Sutch. (Modern Books, Wellington.)

* * * * *

"It has been estimated, moreover, that Scott, George Eliot, and Dickens did 80 per cent. of their writing in terms of the commonest thousand words."—"The Language and Mental Development of Children," by A. F. Watts. (Harrap.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Drawn by] [*Ruth Whittaker*

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS

Can any light be thrown upon Dickens's early acquaintance with Miss (later Baroness) Burdett Coutts? He is stated to have met her first about 1835, when he was about twenty-three and she about twenty-one. How came this young parliamentary reporter to get into this great lady's circle? His first book, *Sketches by Boz*, was not yet published.

It is surmised in Osborne's "Letters of Charles Dickens to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts" that they met at the house of Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, a partner in the Banking House of Messrs. Coutts; but this is not very illuminating.

Wandsworth. OLIVER D. SAVAGE.

CLOISTERHAM AND ROCHESTER

There is sufficient material in *Edwin Drood*, quite apart from references to old buildings which Cloisterham and Rochester may or may not have in common, to dispel Mr. T. W. Hill's doubts about the identity of these two English cathedral towns (*The Dickensian*, 1944, p. 198). Dickens does not write of " his fictitious cathedral town " ; he writes of bestowing " a fictitious name . . . upon the old cathedral town."

" The old city " of Cloisterham lies in the " one great garden of the whole cultivated island " (Chap. 23), *i.e.* in Kent, the Garden of England. Kent possesses the two Cathedral Cities of Canterbury and Rochester, and Cloisterham, like Rochester, but unlike Canterbury, had a " Bishop " (Chap. 4), not an Archbishop, and had (in 1870) no railway station (Chap. 6), while its river has a " tide " (Chaps. 10 and 15).

The phrase " Kent . . . the Garden of England " is to be found in Dickens's earliest novel *Pickwick Papers* (Jack Bamber's Tale).

Knysna, S. Africa. W. Erlam Smith.

The Editor has shewn the foregoing letter to Mr. Hill, who writes :

I have no doubts, so there are none to dispel, and I agree with Professor Erlam Smith, and with most other people, that Rochester is Cloisterham ; I hoped that this would be plain from my note on Cloisterham. The identity of the two must not be too closely pressed, and discrepancies should be pointed out so that, much as the story may be enjoyed as a story, the reader should not regard *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* as a pleasantly written " Guide to Rochester."

Dickens constantly gave descriptions of one place applied to some other place : he was not the first, nor the last, novelist to use this method ; a writer of fiction must obviously be allowed full licence in such matters. Thackeray did the same in his topographical references to Pendennis's home in Devonshire. Professor Saintsbury sums up the whole matter in his introduction to the novel : " a careful student of this country will derive . . . some salutary warnings (which he may utilize in regard to matters other than topographical) as to Thackeray's manner of incorporating the real and the imaginary. . . . One need not be disturbed by doubts in walking or driving along the very roads that Rebecca and the Butcher Boy and poor Smirke's pony travelled. . . . Of course, this is absolutely unimportant from one point of view, but from another it is most important. It shows how Thackeray, like all the greatest artists, took hints, but did not brook dictation, from his sitters and his scenes ; how at any time you may find yourself sliding off solid fact into pure fiction ; how, in fact, you are dealing with an artist and not with a reporter."

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

" Essays and Studies." Including, ' Jonson and Dickens,' by Evelyn M. Simpson. The Clarendon Press, 7/6.

" Come Home With Me." Essays including, ' Dickens's Sense of Home,' by T. W. Hill. The Blandford Press, 15/-.

" Could Phunky have Demurred ? " Lord Justice MacKinnon. " Law Quarterly Review," October.

" Mr. Pickwick's Defence." " Law Journal," 25th November.

" Ypres at Bethnal Green " (Baroness Burdett-Coutts). Francesca M. Wilson. " Architectural Review," November.

" English Nonconformity in Fiction." Andrew L. Drummond. " London Quarterly and Holborn Review," October.

" What They Did For England." Beverley Baxter, M.P. " Strand Magazine," December.

" Christmas with Charles Dickens." Written and illustrated by F. Matania. " Britannia and Eve," December.

" Queen Victoria Meets Mr. Pickwick " (Bogus Pickwickiana). F. Gordon Roe. " The Connoisseur," December.

" Dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens." Dame Una Pope-Hennessy. " Wine and Food," Winter No.

" The Dickens of a Time." Evoe. " Punch," 27th December, 1944.

" The Noodle in Fiction." St. John Ervine. " The Listener," 4th January, 1945.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

LONDON

This season's meetings have been well attended, indeed " House Full " boards might have been displayed on most occasions.

That there is *much* new under the (Dickensian) sun was proved by the choice of subjects employed by speakers. " A *Bleak House* Symposium " embodying the legal, romantic, tragic and humourous aspects of the " Book of the Year " was contributed by four members at the opening meeting in October and Mr. Percy Waymark read an illuminating paper on " Dickens as an Analogist " the following month. For the Christmas meeting there was provided a novel version of " The Seven Poor Travellers," during which seven seasonable stories from Dickens's works were admirably read. The New Year opened with a successful second session of " The Dickens Brains Trust " and in February Mr. G. H. Stuart-Bunning talked of the *Pickwick Papers* in his own characteristic vein. Mrs. Jane Bacon who has been responsible for these meetings, is to be most highly complimented upon their excellence to which the audiences testified in no uncertain fashion. The Birthday Luncheon, noticed on another page, will be more fully reported in the next issue.

ROCHESTER

The Branch is fortunate in the privilege of holding its meetings in the beautiful old Eastgate House (The Nuns' House of *Edwin Drood*) and all of them are most commendably attended.

Among recent outstanding papers have been " Humour and Pathos from Charles Dickens," written by the late Mr. Thomas Topping, and another on *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, by Mr. Wm. Cobbet Barker whose lamented death is reported elsewhere, and which proved to be his last appearance at the Branch for which he had worked so long and so untiringly. Mr. R. D. Fairn, the Governor of the Rochester Borstal Institution, gave a deeply interesting lecture on " The Prisoner Before and After Dickens," during which he claimed that the same love of humanity which is to be found in the works of Dickens was the mainspring of the work of the State institutions of to-day, in giving a chance to erring youths of becoming useful citizens. A further penetrating paper was that on " The Nature of Dickens's Genius," by Mr. G. Wickham Pagett which was heard with the deepest pleasure. Yes, the Branch in the capital of Dickensland is flourishing despite all contemporary difficulties.

THE NEW BRANCH AT BIRMINGHAM

On November 18th, 1944, a meeting was called to re-form a Branch in this city after a lapse of five years. Some 60 very enthusiastic people attended, and a warm welcome was given to them by Mr. Howard Atkin, a Dickensian of many years standing. He told them of the Fellowship, its aims and activities. Future plans were discussed, ideas voiced and Officers and Committee elected. It was agreed to ask Mr. Fred S. Saville, an eminent authority on literature and a very old member of the Fellowship, to be President and Mrs. E. H. Fox Davies, Hon. Secretary, for the coming year.

The next meeting took place on December 13th. The President was unable to give his address, but Mr. Browning Button, F.R.G.S., very ably deputised for him. Mr. G. Baker then gave a delightful reading of *The Carol* which was much enjoyed. An evening of quite a different kind was enjoyed on January 10th, when Mr. Herbert Willard gave some of his well-known impersonations of Dickens characters in costume.

The Dickens Birthday Celebration on Saturday, February 10th, took the form of a musical and social gathering. The monthly meetings will continue until May, when there will be a General Meeting to discuss plans and development for the second session.

BRANCH OFFICERS

The thanks of members are due to Miss K. N. Jeffcott, the retiring Hon. Secretary of the Sydney Branch, and their congratulations to her successor, Miss F. Tweedie, and to Miss A. E. Dalley, the new Hon. Secretary of the Littlebourne Branch.

OBITUARY

WM. COBBETT BARKER

In the passing on November 25th, 1944, of William Cobbett Barker, J.P., the Rochester Branch has lost a prominent and noteworthy figure and a tireless worker since its inception forty years ago. He was responsible for the Lecture given at the second meeting and never relaxed his interest. His chairmanship of recent years will long be remembered, for his cheerful nature and devotion to any cause that he espoused fitted him ideally for such a post. He had a distinguished civic career in the Medway towns which he served in many capacities. A widely-read Dickensian, he was never happier than when discussing a local point in connection with the life and work of his favourite author. Perhaps he will best be remembered by his numerous friends in the Fellowship for his enthusiasm for Luddesdown Court, an ancient manor of Saxon foundation which was the scene of his loving restorations and investigations for a great many years. Here he never tired of entertaining Dickensian and other friends, invariably to their delight, for his enthusiasm was infectious and his genial personality irresistible. The sympathy of a very wide circle of friends in the Fellowship will go out to Mrs. Barker. L.C.S.

IDA M. MOORE

Miss Ida M. Moore, who died on August 26th, 1944, at the age of 73, was Honorary Secretary of the Los Angeles Branch of the Dickens Fellowship for more than 17 years. She was known to the officers of many other branches by her faithful interchange of messages at the annual birthday observances. For many years a teacher of elocution in St. Louis, Missouri, she became interested in Dickensian studies in that city, and after removing to California she soon accepted office in the Los Angeles Branch. Her devoted service and her enthusiasm for the writings and the spirit of Dickens were of inestimable value to the Branch. L.S.

We also regret to record the passing of:

Mr. William Ashwell	*Bromley Branch.*
Mr. H. Stuart Brown	*Headquarters.*
Sir Buckston Browne, F.R.C.S., LL.D., F.S.A.	*Vice-President.*
Donald Chapman, U.S. Marines (on active service)	*California Pickwick Club.*
Mr. J. F. Duthoit	*Hon. Secretary, Littlebourne Branch.*
Mr. H. Laycock	*Adelaide Branch.*
Mr. J. H. Leach	*Blackpool Branch.*
Mr. E. Malshinger	*Headquarters.*
Mrs. Wm. Miles	*Southend Branch.*
Miss Florence Tylee	*Bath Branch.*
Mr. Verdon	*Lancaster Branch.*
Mr. J. Clifford Wheeler	*Canterbury Branch.*

THE FRIENDS OF THE DICKENS HOUSE

When the war broke out the income of the Dickens House ceased abruptly but a scheme which had been under consideration for some while, The Friends of the Dickens House, on the lines of similar societies run in connection with a number of our cathedrals and libraries, was put into action. The Friends undertook to send an annual subscription of their own choosing. This saved the situation and with the help of donations from the Pilgrim Trust and elsewhere, the running expenses during the war years have been met. But during recent months the subscriptions have fallen off somewhat and the Trustees make this appeal not only to all members to maintain their subscriptions but to all Dickens lovers, if not already Friends, to write to the secretary at once. No subscription is too small but larger ones will not of course, be discouraged.

Friends are reminded, where necessary, when subscriptions are due, that is, on the anniversary of each original subscription. Recently, however, we have been notified by the authorities that to remind Friends overseas is to offend against Defence Regulations. In time of war one has to accept these rulings without demur. We may accept subscriptions but we may not remind overseas subscribers that they are due. Will those concerned kindly note the difficulty, for the need persists. Their generous help has been invaluable and is most gratefully appreciated. Our National Dickens Memorial is thus far financially sound but the future is still largely in the hands of the Friends of the Dickens House. It will be long ere the Walter Dexter Memorial Fund is large enough to prove an adequate Endowment Fund. L. C. S.

CHARLES DICKENS

DAME UNA POPE-HENNESSY

This important work is based on four years of research and is the first full-length biography of Dickens to appear since the publication of the Nonesuch letters in 1938. Dame Una Pope-Hennessy deals fully with every phase of Dickens's varied life and throws new light on many important aspects of it which biographers have hitherto glossed over. She explains the motives behind his actions, analyses the influence of environment on his personality, and studies the connection between his life and literary development. *Charles Dickens* is a subtle, comprehensive work which may well prove to be the final life of the great novelist. *Fully illustrated. Probably 25s. net. Ready April or May.*

CHATTO AND WINDUS